TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The *National Era* is published every Thursday, on the following terms:

Single copy, one year	$2.00
Three copies, one year	5.00
Five copies, one year	8.00
Ten copies, one year	15.00
Single copy, six months	1.00
Ten copies, six months	8.00

Voluntary agents are entitled to retain 50 cents commission on each yearly, and 25 cents commission on each semi-yearly, subscriber, *except in the case of Clubs.*

A Club of five subscribers, at $8, will entitle the person making it up to a copy for 6 months; a Club of ten, at $15, to a copy for one year. When a Club has been forwarded, additions may be made to it, on the same terms.

THE NATIONAL ERA.

G. BAILEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR; JOHN G. WHITTIER, CORRESPONDING EDITOR.

VOL. XIII. WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1859. No. 672.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Ten cents a line for the *first* insertion, *five* cents a line for each subsequent one. Ten words constitute a line. Payment in advance is invariably required.

☞ Money may be forwarded by mail at *my risk.* Notes on Eastern banks preferred. Large amounts may be remitted in drafts or certificates of deposit.

☞ Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will give the name of the post office changed *from*, as well as the post office they wish it hereafter sent *to*.

☞ All communications to the *Era*, whether on business of the paper or for publication, should be addressed to

G. BAILEY, *Washington, D. C.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era.

SONNETS.

BY WILLIAM M. BRIGGS.

Wouldst know what Love is? Teach thy pulse to thrill,
At the light stirring of a summer leaf.
Wake at the faintest dawn, and call it grief
That thou hast slumbered, when thy heart might fill,
Its dreams from purer founts than those of sleep;
Watch curiously the day begin to creep,
And find new charms in Nature; bid thine eyes
Bathe at its pearly gates; and when the skies
At night grow radiant, teach thy soul to mount
On purest wings of prayer to Love's pure fount—
The Giver of all Good! Then shall thy heart
Be swept and garnished, and whate'er thou art,
Thou art made ready for that heavenly Guest,
Of all God's holy gifts the holiest and the best!

Wouldst know how woman loves? Then teach thy will
To sink great wells of wonder in thy heart,
And build strong walls of patience, and impart
The martyr-power to suffer and be still!
Know thou'll be wronged in loving; learn to feel
That all thy rubies buy but little gold
To casket them; and when the west is rolled
Into great splendor, think those fiery gates,
That open to the sunset, are but cold
To that fierce threshold where thy spirit waits
To plunge in passion's furnace; ah! too late,
Thou shalt come forth well tried—to walk in white,
With angels full of pity, or with blight
Deep in thy heart's dull core, learn woman's common fate!

Wouldst love as man loves? Slumber when the morn
Lies pearl'd and amber'd in the tremulous east,
And when the matin dews their thrill have ceased
Upon the shadow'd leaves, when faint and worn
The moon smiles at thy lattice, raise thine eyes,
And dream thou lovest—some one! thou hast borne
A grief (thou sayest) daily, and thy sighs
Should find an answer—somewhere! then be wise,
And choose a golden censer, that thy prize
May grandly set thine incense; thou art called
World-happy—and thou art! For thou hast pall'd
And hears'd the soul God gave thee; and, enthrall'd
Nature no more shall nurse thee, nor restore
To thy enfeebled heart one generous impulse more!

NOVEMBER 1, 1859.

MY DEAR: Did it ever happen to you to take "a realizing sense" that your trunks, and drawers, and boxes, needed a "cl'arin' out?" If it never did—if you are one of those inexplicable individuals whose affairs always move in a right line, whose collars never get rumpled, whose pencils never are missing, whose back hair never tumbles down when you are riding, who never get the figure upside down in making a dress, and never overturn the inkstand on Webster's large dictionary—if your worldly possessions are always arranged in rank and file, with the precision and deftness of a Spartan phalanx, so that you can summon all your resources in any emergency—a state of things on which I look, I must confess, with an admiration not unmingled with awe—why, then, you may as well skip this article, and go on to the poetry and the politics, which, I dare say, you will find highly entertaining and instructive. But if your sewing-silk has a habit of getting tangled in with your paper of pins, if there is a steady and unexplained decrease of population in your needle-book, if your gaiter-boots persist in walking off separately on their own account, if your scissors are continually proving an alibi, and your thimble is the centre of perpetual occultation; in short, if you have insensibly and inevitably contracted the habit of looking upon your personal property as a band of conspirators, sworn to rob you of your time and temper, then you will perhaps recollect that on one fine morning you arose, bright and early, with the fell purpose in your heart of making a descent on this nest of rebellion, crushing out the insurrection, and forcing the insurgents each into his proper place in the body politic.

You began by emptying all your boxes and bureaus in a heap in the middle of the floor. Then you folded yourself up "Turk fashion" beside them, and, as a belt-ribbon hung over the apex of the somewhat irregular pyramid, you decided to hunt out all the belt-ribbons first, and put them in one place. So you roll the belt-ribbon round your fingers, and lay that aside, and begin your explorations; but that belt-ribbon was a false flag; for, although you know you have one to match every dress, yet, as you dive deeper, you find no more belt-ribbons, but a glut of gloves. You conclude to change your basis of operations. You will take out whatever comes to hand, and arrange separate piles. The plan works well. You very soon have a semi-circle of laces, and bows, and stockings, and bracelets, as far as your arms can reach. It is very interesting work, too. Here is a little wrought ruffle that disappeared six months ago, and baffled your researches. It was caught between the drawer and the bureau. It has grown very yellow, and must be laid out on the grass; then it will be as good as new. Here is that Paris slipper that you raved about so, when you were going to visit the B's, and couldn't find it to pack; forgetting that you had wrapped it up and tucked it into that box to send to your friend, that she might take a pattern of the embroidery. What is this stuffed into the thumb of an old woollen mitten? Well done! Those elegant buttons that you hunted for, high and low, when your blue silk was building—price six dollars a dozen—bought them yourself—just brought them home—*sure* you brought them home—charged everybody with having found and concealed them on purpose to annoy you—*non est inventum*—went out in a rage and bought another set for a shilling, partly to punish yourself for your carelessness, and partly because your treasury was depleted down to a crossed nine-pence and a brass watch-key. How well now you remember thrusting them in there, while you left the room for a moment, lest the baby might swallow them. You mentally resolve to run the risk of his swallowing them next time, as they are of no more use to you now than if he had, being quite out of fashion. Feeling slightly cramped, you conclude to place the several parcels in their appropriate drawers, then you go down and take a lunch, then return to your work. A great many things have been taken out, yet the heap looks as large as ever. Here's a bundle of old letters—you break the string—look through half a dozen of them—make the modest reflection that they are not half so good as the letters you sent in return—wonder how you could have been so interested in the correspondence, and where the writer is now—tie up the parcel again, and toss it one side humming,

"Where are the birds in last year's nest?"

go on with your assorting, but "*haud passibus equis*, yawn dismally, look at the clock, think of the sunshine out doors, compare your nondescript heap to the widow's cruise of oil; and at last, choking down a few conscientious compunctions, open your largest trunk, swoop up all that remains, by the armful, cram them in, put down the cover as far as it will go, jump on it when it stops, lock it, hide the key, so that your mother wont find it to constitute herself a committee of one on unfinished business—and lo! your room is in order, and you walk off as happy as a bird.

Now for the application. Several hundred years ago, (counting time

"By heart-throbs, by feelings, not by fingers on a dial,")

waxing very cosmopolitan in my affections, I thought I would write a few letters to the readers of the *Era*—a class which, as you very well know, comprises the large majority of the respectability, learning, wit, and wisdom of the country. I expected to do a great many wonderful things, and think of a great many more; and you know how pleasant it is to talk such things over with your friends afterwards; so I thought, that when your wonderful things were done, and you were sitting quiet in the twilight, you would perhaps like to have me bring in my little budget, and, twining the trellis of fact with the purple clusters of fancy, make something nice altogether of it, scattering moral lessons, of course, a la water-cart, along the dusty way, and being especially careful never, on any temptation, *to mix metaphors!*

But, dear me! I didn't know anything about it. It is very charming to write letters in your own chimney-corner. You can invent all sorts of remarkable scenes, attractive, repulsive, experimental; perils by field and flood; thrilling adventures and hair-breadth escapes; but if you actually are bumping round the world, you find the hardest thing *in* the world is to "make a note of it." When you were in school, you doubtless wrote pages every day in your journal, hammering out all your fancies and feelings to the utmost limits of malleability; but when you left school, and did the things you had only dreamed of, your diary experienced a sudden collapse. This, I take it, is generally the case. You *must* live your life, one way or another—on battle-field or quarter-deck; in cabinet, laboratory, pulpit, or nursery. Boys expend theirs on Virgil and bandy; men, on farm and ledger, with a small surplus that goes to liquidate the claims of Smith and Jones to the suffrages of an enlightened community. Girls read Lalla Rookh, crochet lamp-mats, write interminable letters to immortal female friendship, and so manage to drain off their spare life, till, in the course of human events, it runs naturally to housekeeping and babies, and takes the whole force to keep the mill a-going.

But sometimes the farm, and nursery, and workshop, do *not* use up all the fluid; then, according as it makes for itself a channel, or is pent up in too narrow bounds, you have Shakespeare chaining the ages to his triumphal car, or Chatterton flinging down life at sixteen years, as a burden too heavy to be borne. You have Raleigh leaving the apple-orchards of beautiful Devon, for an unknown Land of Faery; a new Jason wandering world-wide for a golden fleece; Spenser walking with Genii in enchanted woods, and weaving a mightier spell than they; Burns, up-heaving not only the soil with his plow, but the land with his song; Browning, voicing on her many-stringed lyre the "Cry of the Children" who pass through the fire to Moloch; Brontë chained to her desolate rock, and eating her own heart out with a sharper than Promethean torture; Stowe, throwing open to the shuddering day a sepulchre full of dead men's bones, and all uncleanness; Sappho, harping her own requiem on the Leucadian cliff; Socrates, calmly quenching with hemlock the life that would no otherwise be stayed; Dante, gazing in rapt beatific vision on the glorified face of Beatrice; Galileo, spinning the world around in spite of the pious dunces who sat on it in solemn conclave to hold it down; Kane, walking in silence with the Spirit of Storms; Paul, transported with a holy ardor, denouncing woe to himself if he reign, in the fiery words that leap to his lips; David, the stripling, ruddy, and of a beautiful countenance, changed by the spear-touch of an heroic purpose from the dreaming shepherd-boy to the champion of Israel; and William of Orange, and Alfred the Great, and Milton, and Tasso, and Napoleon, and Homer, and Mozart, and—*me!* (Pin ever so flimsy a rag on the tail of a kite, and they will all rise together. I might have strung my people up in chronological order, and not made such a hash of ancients and moderns, but I took them according to the Golden Rule: "first come, first serve.")

Corollary 1. Everybody has just so much life to live, and if it is dammed up in one direction it will overflow in another.

Corollary 2. Greatness, heroism, glory, spring from what is left over and above necessity. That is, some people have just soul enough for salt. You cannot conceive a further diminution of their mental endowments unattended by immediate physical decomposition. Of course they have nothing to spare for fame. But the highest must have body as well as the lowest intellect. The body is the strong cord which keeps the "animula vagula blandula" from flying off in a tangent. They cannot live in a state of pure mind, any more than the others can live in a state of pure matter. Consequently, there is a plane on which they both meet, and that plane is bread and butter. But the one never soars above it, while the other never remains upon it. Herein consists the difference between the two. It is from the latter, roaming about in the empyrean, that we get our grandeur and sublimity, our pathos and poetry.

Corollary 3. Feminine authorship, instead of being deprecated, ought to be encouraged as the great safety-valve of society; and those who ridicule and oppose it, show themselves far behind the age in endeavoring to put down an army of women with no better weapon than that wherewith Samson slew a thousand Philistines, fifty centuries ago. (That last turn is so good, that I don't believe it could have originated with me. Somebody must have said it before me, though I don't recollect ever to have seen or heard it. If anybody did, I have only to say, with old Donatus: "*Pereant isti qui ante nostra dixerunt!*") If I were not the very soul of honor, I should let that quotation go as if I happened to meet it in my intercourse with that individual, but the fact is, I got it second-hand from Saxe. As for Donatus, I never heard of the fellow in my life, before.

Now, as Cicero says, "*ubinam gentium sumus?*" Where in the world are we? (That remarkable quotation is my own,) and where did I leave my heap of muslins and ribbons? No matter, however; what I wanted to say is, that my plan about the letters did not work well. I began bravely, but could not, like Yankee Doodle, "keep it up." Yet, as I always like to have things finished in one way or another, I have concluded to swoop up my experiences and observations, and cram them as succinctly as possible into this letter, or, as this letter has already reached a tolerable (I hope not an intolerable) length, perhaps I would better "close the concern," and defer my "more last words" till next week.

GAIL HAMILTON.

MORAL OF THE HARPER'S FERRY AFFAIR.—At the bar of disinterested and dispassionate reason, the affair at Harper's Ferry is enough, of itself, to prove that Slavery is a wrong, and a source of weakness and danger; that it can never be the part of the Christian or the patriot to defend or prolong its existence; that, on the contrary, all who love their country, and who would make their country lovely, and contribute what they can to its union, strength, and prosperity, in order that the people may dwell together in peace and quietness and mutual helpfulness, through all our borders; that all such ought earnestly to labor together to remove, as soon as practicable, this disturbing and weakening and dividing and distracting and debasing and every way wrong and dangerous element.

Against what system *not* essentially and enormously wrong, could such a man as Brown is described to be, even by Governor Wise, ever be induced to plot and labor in that way? The primal guilt of the tragedy is palpably in the system.

And again, in what healthful and right state of society could such a movement, by twenty men, in a village of 2,000 inhabitants, have spread consternation and sent a thrill of alarm through large cities and populous States, causing unquiet sleep in every household, and arousing State and National authorities to arms? Such phenomena are possible only in cases of weakness and exposure resulting from great public wrong.

For our Northern readers it is not necessary, but for Southern eyes we take the precaution of saying that, whatever may be our judgment and feeling in regard to Slavery, and whatever sympathy may be felt for the deluded sufferer, none here justify Brown's undertaking; and the very small number that, at the end of three years from its conception, he was able to enlist, shows that no such movement can find favor with any considerable number anywhere.—*Vermont Chronicle.*

For the National Era.

A PALACE IN GENOA

BY EDWARD SPENCER.

III—Continued.

Rupert Beale, a youth, and scarce in his twenty-first year yet, was much more distinguished looking than the artist. There was an air of *haut ton* about him, in his dress and address, in his movements and in his features. He was tall and not fully developed in form, his broad high brow, his large black eyes shaded by deep arching brows, his thin, prominent nose, and fine, nervous lip, which, curling continually, often seemed to *writhe* with the intensity of his inward emotions—these combined to give to his features and expression a peculiarly earnest character. There was the *empressement* of the *hero* about him, so to speak. Give him a doublet and cloak *à la* Velasquez, put a rapier at his hip, and a poignard in his vest, and, presto! you have one of Don John of Austria's knights, a doer of valiant deeds at Lepanto, one ready equally to battle for *Santa Cruz*, or climb balconies of Seville by moonlight. As it was, Merivale thought his dress too rich, not glaring, but soft and recherché and luxurious. "I'll bet he sports a velvet dressing-gown, Turkish slippers, and a jewelled nargil'heh," thought the artist. Still, these things suited him better than they would almost any one else, and his youth was sufficient to pardon the blending in his appearance between the Don Juan of Seville—not Mozart's, but *Julia's*—and the—Byron that Guiccioli loved—the domesticated and untrammelled Byron of Ravenna.

Mr. Beale, however, scarcely won more than a passing glance of appreciation from the artist. The sister offered him a far more pleasing study, both as an artist and as a man of the world. So far as she was like her brother, she resembled him as the doe does her lord and master; but the points of resemblance were fewer by far than the points of difference, and these latter most attracted Merivale. Carlo's enthusiastic statement of her charms did not seem highly colored to our friend, who, iconoclastic enough in most matters, had never been able to laugh himself out of his intense proclivities for beauty-worship. Miss Beale was a girl yet, not having achieved her eighteenth summer, but her figure was rounded and developed, had outgrown the angularity of girlhood, and, never a hearth-flower nor a mignonette, now showed itself a rich curved rose-bud, ripening into bloom. Still, the moon was not at its full, and her face proved beautifully that she was lingering yet in the land of faëry,

"Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet."

Merivale saw her more than once, and what I write respecting her must be regarded rather as a *resumé* of his impressions, than as the vague image of loveliness that came into his vision while the dark-eyed Maddalena was gone after fresh olives. She had a semi-blonde complexion—(a *contralto*, so to speak, in comparison with the pure *soprano* of England;) her hair was of a rich glossy chestnut hue, and her hazel eyes were so full and rich, so various and many lighted, that at one time they hinted of "green Erin," at another almost breathed the warmth and phosphorescent glow of Italy. She had great freedom from girlish timidity, and a confident *riante* sort of naivete which gave Merivale great delight, especially as it did not resemble Die Vernonism, nor in any respect infringe upon the finer promptings of woman's most beautiful modesty. It was simply an unaffected naturalness, which some women are able to attain by means of consummate art, but which was in her a thousand fold more charming, because so palpably innate. Thus Merivale saw in her what she was, the promise of a true and genuine woman—a woman not trammelled nor laced up in the stricter conventionalities, "wild with sport, half-woman, half-child," exuberant of healthy and prismatic life, a joyous spirit of wit and fun, "part banter, part affection"—a loud-toned murmuring brook, dancing onward, merrily glancing in the sunshine, yet echoing, in its many voices, deep and eloquent utterances of the grand and solemn Ocean of Life, into which it was about to empty. That arching brow, with its smooth white plain above, indicates thought enough, when there is occasion, said Merivale to himself. And he was right. The girl before him was a rich and rare Promise, capable of as high destinies as any woman, and of properest wielding of them, though, to the casual observer, she might reveal herself as only

"A rose-bud set with little wilful thorns."

"How admirably you use that language," said Merivale, as Miss Beale, before they sat down to breakfast, gave some directions to her maid in French; "and both of you are so *au fait* in the sweet *lingua Toscana* that I would have been decidedly puzzled as to your nationality, had I simply *heard* you."

"Oh, I can scarcely call myself an American," replied the young lady; "it is seven years since I came abroad, and Rupert has been away from home in England and Germany almost nine years. So we are quite European."

"Ah—your family reside on the continent, then?"

"No," responded Rupert; "I believe that our parents, who are now waiting our arrival in Genoa, are in Europe for the first time."

"Think of it, Mr. Merivale! I have not seen my mother since I wore high-neck aprons, and played with my dolls! Seven years locked up in a *pension* at Bruxelles, with nothing but an occasional visit from Rupert to enliven my tedium! French girls are so heartless, one can't make friends with them; the Dutch Fräuleins are good, but terribly stupid; and the sisters, dear Heavens! I think the ward of the *ennuyés* in Purgatory must be in charge of the Beguines. True, we had—at a distance—our snuffy music master, who used to exhaust all his energies in informing me that my 'finkers vas all t'umbs;' and there was the priest, but I did not go to confession. *N'importe—c'est fini*, now, that dismal time. I have graduated with all the accomplishments, and am resolved to use my liberty."

"By Jove, Helen, I think you have done so, already. Would you believe it, Mr. Merivale, she insisted on playing *rouge-et noir* at Baden, and not only lost the contents of her own purse, but ten Napoleons which she borrowed of me! I thought Heidelberg burschen led the race when out of bounds, but I yield the crown to boarding-school girls. At Brieg, she had the consummate impudence to make a corpulent old Burgomaster stand still while she sketched his portrait, and assuaged the old fellow's rage by offering him some *bon-bons*, and telling him he was the fac simile of Zwinglius the reformer."

"Indeed, though, I could not help it," said Miss Beale, with a most musical laugh, "he put me so much in mind of quaint old Nürnberg, that the temptation to sketch him was almost irresistible. And it is scarcely fair to let fly the banner of my foibles, Rupert, and keep your own close folded. Mr. Merivale, ask brother the cost of that bouquet he bought of the flower-girl at Baveno! Aha, Mr. Critic! For my part, I think we have done remarkably well. You cannot expect a boy and girl, just from school, and making the grande tour *sans chaperon*, to sit twirling their thumbs and primming their features Quaker-fashion, can you, Mr. Merivale?"

"The morning rose is always dewy, Miss Beale."

She glanced comically at the artist. "Do you excel in that kind of compliment, Mr. Merivale? If you do, I shall give you plenty of chances to exercise your talent, for I am passionately fond of a well-turned *tour d'esprit*. I shall write that down in my diary, apropos of Como and its other beauties."

"Thanks for that *other*. Have your anticipations been realized in Como?" added he, putting the question generally.

"*Ma foi!* save the drive here yesterday, and a short boat excursion on the lake last evening, with ten eager minutes at the villa Somariva, we have seen nothing at all of the place," said Rupert. The fact is, we loitered so long in the early part of our journey, that we have overstayed our limits, and our parents, who ought to have reached Genoa last week, will be anxious about us. So we must hurry on, stopping in Milan long enough to dispose of our carriage, see the Cathedral, and have one look at Lionardo's Last Supper. Then to Genoa by railroad."

"I would not advise you to raise any false hopes in regard to Lionardo's *Cenacolo*. Morghen does its present condition more than justice, and really it impresses me painfully to behold the sad ruin of so much grandeur."

"Do you not like ruins?" asked Miss Beale.

"*Some* ruins, Miss Beale; but this is not the ruin that softens and crumbles gently away before the refining touch of time, like a half-breathed sigh; it is the ruin of disease, neglect, filth. There is no hint of the ivy-grown tower, but, like the broken windows and dismantled exterior of an occupied house, simply a reminder of the depravity of those concerned. They have cut a door through the wall, the top of which pierces the picture; the French bullet-marks are still on it, and it is mouldy, soiled, and faded, though it has been frequently retouched. However, you will find much to interest you in Milan; the Duomo is a brilliant mass, though not purely beautiful, and then there is the famous Ambrosian Library, the Brera Gallery with its Raphael, and its Guercino, the great *La Scala*, and many other points of interest. What most delights me in Milan is the study of the people, how their souls writhe under the heel of Austrian despotism, and how, nevertheless, through that despotism, they derive one of the greatest boons possible to an Italian—glorious music. If you should remain in Milan a day or two, it would give me pleasure to act as your cicerone. I am *en route* for Florence just now, having filled my portfolio, and am beginning to long for palette and pencils."

"If you could make it convenient," said Rupert, "we will be delighted to have you join us and give us the benefit of your experience."

"Oh yes!" struck in the young lady, "do, Mr. Merivale! I so much want to know Italy, and there is nobody to teach me."

"But your mode of travelling is too rapid for me. I saunter on afoot, and you would lose your patience before the first day was over."

"There is a vacant seat in our vettura, now that rogue Friedrich is gone, and indeed we would like exceedingly to have you join us, for we are entirely untravelled, and"——

"I have dismissed your courier," said Merivale, laughing. "It is a tempting offer, certainly, a fair '*auch in Arcadien*' to a poor devil of an artist like me," added he, glancing at Miss Beale; "if I had a couple more pockets in this utilized coat of mine, I should certainly be able to *look* the courier to perfection. *Bien!* We will strike no bargain, but go on so long as we like each other. I will play Herr Pedagogus, and you"——

"Will be most willing pupils, worshipful Art-master," said Miss Beale. "It is entirely agreed upon, and now, Meister, begin your instructions. Tell me what to think of Como, *i. e.*, what I must write about it in my diary."

"Como, Signorina, is one of the spots which were set apart to the use and benefit of Diana, when this world was building, so that in case she suffered any sudden access of vanity, she might find a mirror meet for her divine use. Faugh! 'tis a concetto that would not even pass in Della Crusca. You have seen an American lake?"

"I," said Rupert, "used to swim in Cayuga Lake in New York, and I remember, when a small boy, paying a brief visit to Lake George, the Horicon. I do not remember much of it, but, for the sake of Ticonderoga and Jane McCrea, blood and battle which fired my youthful fancy—I can also bring back to mind fairy T island, and—the trout."

"Bravo! I'll wager you could remember the trout without the aid of scalping-knife, bloody legend, or Peale's pictures. The stomach is never a mirror; it is a daguerrotype plate."

"At the Convent, they used to talk much of good Samuel Champlain, and tell us many very pleasant legends of Lac du Sacrement," said Miss Beale, "so I love Lake George from association."

"Then," quoth, Merivale, flourishing his finger like a maestro's *baton*, "let Horicon rank as Pocahontas, Nature's child, rippling her 'native wood-notes wild,' and Como will be a fairer still—the Lucrezia Borgia."

"A paste diamond, then?" inquired Rupert.

"Never less. Fair and lovely, loving and passionate; there is no artifice about her, only deadly art to the too lingering wooer. Genuine enough is the beauty, and you know

'Beauty is its own excuse for being.'

The miasma so deathly emanated not from it, but dwelt within the lover's bosom."

"What you say is so strange to me," remarked Helen, with a troubled look. "I have always thought of that woman as having on a terrible black mask, and gliding about in a gondola, with a vial of poison in her hand, and curses on her lips."

"You will forget that, when you look at the one single strand of her pale yellow hair which they show you in Milan in the library. Lucrezia could take off the mask for those that loved her, and it was an iron mask, worn over her heart, for those whom she hated. Shall we blame her if she wore the mask at all times? I have a fancy comes over me at times that she did so from pure compassion—the story of Helen had frightened her with such lying fables of the fatal gift of beauty, and, in her own house, she must have in some sort found saddest verifications of it. But—Como also wears a mask at times, when her bridegroom up there, those glittering Bernese Alps, grows jealous of her, and sends down his chill mists to veil her from all rude eyes."

"It is our turn to say bravo now, Mr. Merivale," remarked Rupert, his eyes glowing, as he walked towards the window. "Ah, look at her now, sir; your words have given her a new individuality in my eyes; save for her beaming smile and her decorous tresses, she nestles there at the foot of the mountains as Io crouched at the feet of the grand old suffering Titan—singing, too, but of love, and joy, and June—soft kisses and too happy sighs!"

"Nay, Rupert, forbear," said his sister, merrily laughing; "having given the thing life, you will next turn Pygmalion, convert it into an Eliza, and adore it. So I think we had best hurry out of the fatal sphere of this olive-crowned Lucrezia. What say you, Mr. Merivale? There may be poison in the amber wine she proffers us. Come, order the carriage, you, and Mr. Merivale will make his own preparations, while I set my bandboxes in order. *Va!*"

IV.

En Route.

"Beneath is spread, like a green sea,
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair."

Prut! what a douche-bath was that mention of bandboxes to the imagination of Merivale, which, already afloat in mid-ether, was pluming its wings for still higher poetic flights! He fairly groaned as he went into his room and began to strap the portmanteau which Maddalena had so nicely packed for him; and, while he substituted a more decorous sombrero for his impudent *kepi*, plaid trowsers for his corduroy leggins, boots for gaiters, and a tolerably decent shooting-jacket for his faithful velveteen, besides adding a pair of gloves to his equipments, he burst expletively forth into the following:

"A generous ass I am! Bandboxes! Peste! I shall have to trot through Milan Cathedral, carrying a fan and guide-book, with a school-girl giggling at my elbow! Fidediddle dolde-riddle! She's pretty, though, and sensible—*cum grano*—if she is somewhat childish; and, then, I can put on the *paterfamilias*—or—the elder brother. Diantre! what would the fellows who use about Caffè Greco say, seeing my inveterate baccalaureanism saddle with all these petticoats! Wouldn't they trot me out! I wonder who they are! Evidently well bred, and persons of property. And that youngster could not be a more stately gentleman, an he boasted an hundred quarterings. *Sang de mon crayon!* I'll have her portrait, whether she is willing or not, and make it a fine one, and, cospetto! if they bore me, I'll sell it, and have my revenge. Beale—Beale—wonder where they're from? There are Beales in Massachusetts—but these young people's noses do not sport the proper angle—pig against the wind—for Bostonians. They resemble Marylanders, and Miss Helen might be a belle even in Baltimore. Well, I'm in for it, as Tom Owens said, when he lost his passport in Tyrol, and I do not think it will prove such a bad bargain, after all. They are a frank, open pair, and as inexperienced as can be, so I can save them from being cheated. *Per Baccho!* I'd like to possess Titan's secret, just to paint the colors of her cheek."

When, half an hour afterwards, the vetturino announced his vehicle and everything was ready for departure, Merivale was much pleased to find that the bandboxes were not very numerous; that Adèle, the lady's maid, was a neat girl of Arras; that the coach was large and roomy; and that Miss Helen, like a genuine traveller, had discarded frippery in her dress; and, instead of a novel, carried a genuine red-bound Murray in her lap. The hotel family were all gathered to witness the start, no other travellers being then at Cadenabbia. Merivale placed Miss Beale in the coach, arranged her parcels, secured his portfolio inside at her request, and turned——to see Maddalena standing behind him, looking like a veritable Nausicaa.

"*Diavolo!*" he said to himself, "we shall have a scene here, and *ma petite* is going to make me out a terrible Lothario in the young lady's eyes. Then to the girl, holding out his hand, and kissing her on the forehead, "*Donzella cara mia*, tell not Giulio that I have kissed his bride, and (slipping a coin into her hand,) there's for a favor when the wedding-day comes round. *Addio, belle occhi*"——

Maddalena stood like Ariadne as he sprang into the coach; then, turning towards Miss Beale, with a quick flash of the eye, she said, "The signorina is fortunate—she"——

"*Allons! postillion! vite!*" shouted Merivale, not knowing what would next transpire.

"*Addio Carlo—Toni—Como—tutti—addio Maddalena*—I'll come again next year—*au revoir.*"

"*Addio signore e signorina.*"

But Maddalena uttered no farewell as the party drove off.

"What a pretty Italian face Maddalena has," said Helen, "and such a lovely profusion of hair." She looked slyly at the artist.

"Do you think so?" replied he, curtly. "Well, it is very lovely, *sans doubte*, but hardly adapted to practical purposes, I fancy."

"No?" inquired the young lady.

"I don't think combs, particularly small-toothed ones, are over plentiful in this land 'where the bright lemon blows.'"

"Oh," laughed Helen, "is it so? Methinks even Bayard's chivalry could not stand that."

"Yet Byron loved the Italian women," retorted Rupert.

"So he did the Greeks—because he could make pretty poetry upon them; and, besides, aristocrat though he was, Byron could not appreciate a refined woman. He was afraid of them; nay, more, he hated them, because he felt they would not worship him. Italy is a glorious field for poetry, doubtless, and a still more fertile field for the poets, through whom we have learned to bless it justly, and also to believe that it is all that Shelley has called it:

——'Thou lost Paradise of this divine
And glorious world! Thou flowery wilderness!
Thou island of eternity! Thou shrine
Where desolation, clothed with loveliness,
Worships the thing thou wert! O Italy'——

"But the Poets, poor one-sided enthusiasts, would have us believe the Muse reigns supreme. I know better. Her empery is divided. She knows a brother near the throne—a ruthless, exorbitant, practical, unimaginative tyrant, whose name is King Flea! I was once so profane as to caricature Italy," added he, laughingly, taking his portfolio, and extracting from a small crayon sketch, which he handed to Miss Beale. "See, you have the olive, the vine, the orange, the ruined arch—these are the Poet's Italy. Flanking it you have the Traveller's Italy—Polenta, fleas, douaniers, and dust, all mingled *pêle-mêle.* Schramm, a quondam pupil of Cornelius, and one of the best of the German artists in Rome, was so much taken with it as a piece of 'subjective identity through the medium of objective symbolism,' as he styled it, that he wrote a round dozen of *Xenien* in its praise, and published them in some German *Musen-Almanach*, whence I got a commission from good King Ludwig of Bavaria."

Thus pleasantly conversing, the hours slipped by unnoticed almost, while the *vettura* took its leisurely course towards Milan—over the fat plains of Lombardy, battle-riven, blood-enriched, but now waving with wealth. It was a strange country for them, just from the ice-locked Alps, these green and irrigated plains, these long stretches of level road, ditch-lined, and fringed everywhere with elms, and mulberries, and poplars, spire like, or pollarded. Now they would meet a peasant train coming from the maize-fields, singing some song that brought tears to Helen's eyes—Italians in Italy, singing their own songs—or a string of mules, with the bells about their necks waking cheerfullest echoes, so that they seemed to dance along under their burdens—provision-sacks or casks of wine from Chiavenna; each cask decked out with crowns of leaves, which, meant simply to keep away the sun, seemed in fact to be parts of some Bacchic worship, for which these brown, half-clad people were so adapted. Then Merivale would call their attention to a group of idlers, in the shadow of some crumbling arch, eagerly playing the *mora*, a game perhaps as old as eternal Rome herself. How picturesque the costumes, how graceful the movements and unstudied postures of the men; and with what life, intensity, animation, flash and sparkle, they flung up the quick fingers, eyed each other, and screamed out the numbers! Will there not be murder? asked Helen, shuddering a dozen times. No; 'twas but the decision of a simple question, involving no man's honor—"*due o tre diti.*"

At another time, they would pass a wayside shrine, and Merivale's artistic eye would single out some woman of the Lombards, with calm, almost majestic face—broad, smooth brow—eyes wide apart, and, oh, so large, and gray, and calm! Then his face would brighten up, and poetry would melt over his lips, almost unconsciously to him.

And when, with bray of trumpet, and clanking sabres, and supercilious stare, a troop of Austrian soldiery would dash by—Huzzars of Prague, Hulans from the South, or lancers from the Polish frontier—very gay in their snow-white uniforms, faced and turned down with blue, or with cherry-color—as if they were cannibals from a hasty meal, who had suffered their victims' blood to drip upon their bosoms—their pipe-clayed belts, their worsted and marocco tassels, their high-plumed hats and heavy boots—when these dashed by, turning their white, flaxen moustached faces, and staring insolently at the occupants of the carriage—then Helen saw Merivale's brow grow dark with frowns, and he pressed his lips tight, and clenched his teeth, in the manner of one who invoked a curse he would not utter aloud.

"What is your thought?" asked Rupert.

"I was trying to realize it—those verses of the poet, and the doctrine which they typify:

'Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all.'

It must be; yet, oh when shall that iron-shod, ruthless heel be lift off of our land? You have heard me laugh at this land; hear my Palinode: I wonder indeed at Italy. That they can endure at all, much less smile, choked so with dust, and so stormed through and tempest-shaken with hatred as they are, gives me especial wonder. Those pink-faced dogs who rode by just now, so gay, so beplumed, so belaced—would you believe it? those same hounds have assisted at the scourging of a woman! Aye, it shocks you; it sounds very strange and very awful, but it is a truth and a fact, and a matter in the hands of God, for Him to deal with it how He lists. Wonder not that I speak bitterly about it; she was my friend—the sister of my dearest and nearest friend—and they whipped her for not betraying him. I saw her once; she came to Rome while he was there with me—a noble, calm browed girl, with exalted eyes, slow-speaking and enthusiastic. He went back to his native town with her, took part in some conspiracy, and, when it failed, she hid him. They led her out—that noble, high-born, delicate girl—they led her out into the open air, into the very square facing God's temple, and, while the people fled as they did in Coventry when Lady Godiva freed the town—fled in shame and agony and despair—they led her out there, before the pink-faced brutes, they tied her tender hands, they stripped off her clothing, bared her white skin, and lashed her till the blood stained the white coat of the officer near by. She did not weep; she uttered no cry; she did not even faint, but wandered off an idiot, to be ministered to by pitying hands. My friend was far off then, but he heard it, he came back, he watched his chances, and every one whom her blood had sprinkled had to wash it out with his own—every one save the Colonel; he was *reserved.* If my friend be not dead, he is rotting somewhere in an Austrian dungeon, and she—she lives in Florence now, and has many friends—she sings, and picks flowers to pieces. They call her an idiot, but they dare not let her go near the Austrian band in the Cascine."

"And the Colonel?" inquired Rupert, through his clenched teeth.

"The Marianne sent him a dagger, and he never knew a moment's peace after that—never knew what it was to rest. He resigned his commission, and came secretly to Florence; but he had not gone into the *Caffè Doney* before he found a bloody dagger in his plate. A friend of the artist found out who he was, smote him in the face, and banished him from a ball. There was a challenge, a meeting, when, just as the parties were about to fire, a masked horseman dashed up, smote him once, and was gone. When we picked him up, there was a dagger in his heart '*from the Marianne.*'"

For the National Era.

POETRY AND PROSE.

II.

Most of the modern nations of Europe are either of Celtic, Gothic, or Slavonian origin. The Celtic element is found only in the west of Europe, in Bretagne, Wales, Ireland, and some parts of Scotland. England, France, Germany, Scandinavia, &c., are peopled by the Gothic race, and the Slaves, who were last in the great swarm of nomads that poured from the hive of Central Asia, "the store-house of nations," occupy the extreme east of Europe—Russia, Poland, Hungary, and some parts of Turkey. Of all these races, the Gothic has most attracted the attention of modern antiquarians and ethnologists. The richness of its letters, and the peculiar characteristics of its people, are of the greatest importance to them in tracing back the history of nations far beyond any written record; and it is by means of the ancient monuments of its literature that the philologist detects, in the polished phrases of to-day, vestiges of a language, the rude chords and harmonies of which still quiver on the ear. Scandinavia, especially Iceland, is rich in this species of literature. Much has been unfortunately lost or destroyed, but her Eddas, Sagas, and Skaldic compositions, still remain to us, "those fragments, petrified as it were by time, of a gigantic poesy, each a hieroglyph, revealing to us, from the by-gone times of the north, the heroic deeds, recollections, and manners, of the great emigrations, in the full energy of primeval paganism." It is remarkable that by far the greater part of this literature is furnished by Iceland. Settled by a hardy band of Norsemen, who sought amid fire and ice the liberty denied them elsewhere, the population of this little republic never at one time exceeded 4,000; and yet, such was the mental activity of her inhabitants, that the compositions of her Skalds and Saga-men were renowned among contemporaries, and even now she is regarded by many as the foster-mother of northern history. Interesting and even fascinating as are these records of the rude nations who peopled Norway, Sweden, and the northern Peninsula, it is a matter of surprise that they are so rarely read and studied by many Americans. There is nothing in which we should feel more pride, than that we are of the same stock with those sturdy heroes of old, who so long ruled the northern seas; of those Vikings, who, by their daring forays, struck terror to the hearts of the effeminate people of the south of Europe, and who, amid all the terrors of death, sung of Odin and the delights of Valhalla. It was the coursing of their love of freedom and intolerance of restraint in the veins of their descendants that wrung from a reluctant King the Great Charter of English liberties, and that laid the head of another of England's oppressors in the dust. And, too, it was the same indomitable spirit that made "Resistance to Tyrants is Obedience to God" the watchword of American Freedom.

But *revenons à nos moutons*, let us return to the point we were endeavoring to make plain. In surveying the literature of the Scandinavians, the Elder, or Sämundic, Edda at once strikes the eye as the most ancient and venerable record of the *Norse-folk.* The thirty-nine poems of which it is composed were first collected in the latter part of the eleventh century by Sæmund Sigfusson, a learned Icelander, from Runic staves and inscriptions, as some suppose, but, according to the opinion of most writers, from *oral tradition.* The antiquity of these poems is undeniable, bearing internal evidence of a remote origin. Handed down from mouth to mouth, for many generations, they finally came to embody the cosmogony, mythology, religious belief, and forms of worship, of the Northmen. It is here that we find their conceptions of a future state, and their acknowledgment of the immortality of the human soul. In rude poetry, they sing of Odin the eloquent, who first taught them the art of song, "whose every word was believed to be true, and whose discourse wore the garb of poetry;" of the crafty and treacherous Loke, the gentle Baldur, and Foigga, with her attendant nymphs. In more elevated strains they tell of Hela in her dreary palace of death, where were congregated those who died a cowardly or ignoble death; of Valhalla and its many gates, its halls crowded with heroes, who after daily combat quaffed foaming mead from the skulls of their enemies; and they attain a rugged sublimity when describing *Ragnarok*, the twilight of the gods, when the world will be scourged by wars and bloodshed. "When brother shall rise against brother, and there will be no mercy, even from parents to their children."

The most interesting of these poems is the "*Voluspa*," (the Song of the Prophetess.) It is a kind of sybilline lay, containing the whole system of Scandinavian mythology—"the creation, the origin of man, how evil and death were brought into the world, and concludes by a prediction of the destruction and renovation of the universe, and a description of the future abodes of bliss and misery." This poem is supposed to have been recited before the people at stated intervals, probably on their festive and holidays. We are thus particular in describing it, inasmuch as the poem in its general features, and in the use made of it, bears a striking analogy to similar features in the religious observances of entirely distinct races. The reader will remember, that in a former article we referred to the use of the "Books of Thoth," by the Egyptian priests. These books were formed from the earliest traditions and religious notions of the Egyptians, and it was customary for the priests to read them for the instruction of the common people on festivals and sacred occasions.

So, too, among the Druids—of whom, perhaps, it is proper to premise few things. Turner, in his History of the Anglo-Saxons, writes thus:

"The Druidical order consisted of three sorts of men: Druids, Bards, and Ouates. The Bards were the poets and musicians, of whom some were Satirists and some Encomiasts. The Ouates sacrificed, divined, and contemplated the nature of things. The Druids cultivated physiology and moral philosophy; or, as Diodorus says, were their philosophers and historians."

This complicated system, however, was not the primitive Druidism, but was introduced by those priests of the order, who, by intercourse with the Continent, acquired many of the refined habits of thought and discrimination consequent upon the rapid advance of Roman civilization. The primitive religion of the Britons was rude in the extreme, yet, such as it was, it commanded the reverence of the people, and exempted its ministers from many burdens. Excited by such advantages, many voluntarily submitted themselves to the Druidical discipline, and others were sent by their friends and relatives. "They were said to learn *a great number of verses there; so that some remained twenty years under the education.*" These verses embraced the fundamental doctrines of Druidism, and, indeed, the whole religious belief of the Britons. They were often recited to the people, who by hearing them, were confirmed and strengthened in the religion of their forefathers.

The reader must acknowledge the resemblance between these religious customs of entirely different nations to be very evident. Looking at the most antique monuments of Coptic, Gothic, and Celtic literature, we find not only the same *subject* treated of, but also the same *use* made of the subject. And this not only proves our point—that poetry is of antiquity above all prose—but makes clear another and greater truth. For it is remarkable that the primeval records of a nation's history are found in its religious compositions, and its first intellectual effort is to comprehend the great truths of the universe. We see the hand of God in all things, and in nothing is it more manifest than in the divine workings of the human soul, which, however rude and unlearned, still forms some idea of the attributes of Deity, and erects some altar, unformed and uncouth though it be, at which it can offer sacrifice and prayer. Whilst contemplating this proof of an overruling and divine providence, one cannot but pity the folly and blindness of those in our day, who, denying the existence of a God and the immortality of the soul, live in worse than Epicurean darkness—when even the Pagan could say, "*Sunt enim e terrâ homines non ut incolæ et habitores sed quasi spectatores superarum rerum atque cœlestium.*"

A further examination of the Norse literature is not necessary, for what little has been instanced is sufficient to establish our point. But we cannot refrain here from calling attention to the similarity of the Eddaic to the ancient Homeric or heroic verse, the oldest national verse of Greece. The learned antiquarian, Finn Magnusen, first pointed out this resemblance, and although at first sight it may appear improbable, yet either the Greek or Latin hexameter, by decomposition, makes a perfect Icelandic narrative verse. Indeed, Rask, in his Anglo Saxon grammar, says that "the hexameter seems to be merely a somewhat, though very little, restricted variety of the freer, rougher, and probably *elder*, form exhibited in the narrative verse.

INKLINGS FROM THE FRONTIER;

OR,

LIFE ON THE PLAINS AND ADVENTURES IN THE TENTED FIELD.

CAMP ON EPSOM CREEK.

To the Editor of the National Era:

Epsom Creek is so called from the peculiar quality of its water, which tastes as would a quart of rain water impregnated with a tablespoonfull of Epsom salts. The peculiar flavor of this water renders it unpleasant and almost undrinkable for the men, but the horses and other animals seem to like it better than water not thus impregnated. We, after some searching, found a fine pool of pure rain-water, held by a red clay reservoir, and shaded from the sun's rays by the steep clay banks of a ravine, from whence we carried water for drinking and making coffee. The grass in the vicinity being of sufficient quantity and good quality, the commanding officer, with the consent of the doctor, determined to remain encamped for several days.

After the tents were pitched, I took my fowling-piece, and strolled down the creek on foot, for the purpose of bagging a few young turkeys, rabbits, grouse, or quails, to fry, broil, or roast, at supper, for our mess, one of whom had promised to make a "*pot*" of extra-good and strong coffee, while another undertook to have ready a lot of fine, tempting, warm biscuits. I had not proceeded more than a mile before I succeeded in "bagging" a hare, three grouse, and two quails, and was about returning with my game, when I noticed that a stream of fresh blood had recently been trickling over the short grass. Some wounded and bleeding thing of life had certainly but just passed that way. From the manner the blood, still warm, was sprinkled on the grass, whatever it was had been going up out of the creek and passing through a spur of scrubby oaks. My hounds had not followed me, and my only canine companion was a small setter, who evinced great fear, and appeared reluctant to follow the trail of blood, unless accompanied by me. So we set out together in a tour of discovery, the setter being very careful not to get far in advance of me. On nearing the outskirts of the grove, I espied a very large panther, (indeed he appeared as large as a mule,) standing over the dead body of a fine, large deer which he had just slain, and was doubtless carrying to his female companion and her young whelps in their cavern home in some neighboring canon-like ravine. His majesty had doubtless discovered Tasso, the setter, who was a little to my right, for he had assumed a half-crouching position, and was closely watching the movements of the little fellow, but seemed determined not to be frightened out of his "*resting spell.*" I cautiously gained a nearer proximity, and, taking aim right at the small of his back, fired. The shot took effect, for his panthership suddenly bounded forward with a quick and painful howl. But the faithful mate and father, though wounded, had no idea of relinquishing his prize, and returned, took up the deer as a large dog would a rabbit, and was about to bound off with it, when I pulled trigger, and gave him the contents of my other barrel just behind the left shoulder. The last barrel discharged had a heavier load of larger shot than the first, and therefore a more serious effect. The poor fellow uttered a sharp shriek, bounded high in the air, fell heavily to the ground, and rolled over several times in excruciating agony; after which, he rose to his feet, and doubtless would either have engaged me in a hand-to hand fight, or relinquished the field and fled, but while he was going through his painful contortions, I drew my revolver, charged upon him, and, just as he gained his feet, I sent a pistol-ball through his brain. He fell forward, and turned on his side to breathe his last. But I did not relish the idea of trusting anything to so formidable and ferocious an animal, and did not cease firing until I had put the six balls through his huge skull.

By this little adventure, I added a fine deer to our larder, and wofully disappointed Mrs. Panther and her family of young ones in their anticipations of a delicious supper. This panther is one of the largest I ever saw—measuring nine feet four inches from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail.

The next day, while out on one of my botanizing rambles, I was struck by the picturesque picture which our camp presents, when viewed from a distance. It is situated in the centre of a bowl-shaped hollow or basin. The narrow ravine, through which Epsom Creek runs, gives this basin or bowl the appearance of having been broken in halves, each half standing separate and upright. In the bottom of one half lies a white canvas city, with all the evidences of busy life and rural quiet combined. In the foreground are to be seen groups of men engaged in animated conversation; groups of men leisurely strolling hither and thither, as if their only object was to kill the time hanging heavily about them; groups of men lazily lounging on the soft, greensward; groups of men sitting on the banks, of the creek angling for the finny tribe; and now then a man sitting in the door of a tent, smoking his pipe, while he peruses the pages of some favorite author. In the background are the camp-fires, with the mess-cooks engaged in their duties. Here and there the stars and stripes may be seen floating above the steeple-like tops of tents, and lazily fluttering in the gentle breezes. On the opposite side of this broken bowl are to be seen vast numbers of horses, mules, and horned cattle, leisurely nipping the sweet and tender grass. All day, golden-fleece clouds have been rapidly chasing each other across the heavens. The rays of the sun, struggling through these golden clouds, impart a soft and mellow tinge to the landscape. Altogether the scenery is peculiarly romantic and affecting. Reclining here on a gentle southern slope, far above the picturesque camp and its surroundings, one realizes that he is far from the bustling haunts of civilization and the handiwork of art—in the midst of primitive grandeur and quiet sublimity. Here Nature paints pictures that outvie those noble efforts of Rubens, Tenniers, and other old Flemish artists, who have left an admiring world immortal proofs of their great powers.

While gazing upon these quiet and beautiful pictures, one involuntarily falls into a contemplative reverie, and dreams of the great artists who have so well and so faithfully imitated the grandeur, the sublimity, the beauty, and the truth of Nature, and spread their immortal inspirations on canvas, and handed it down to gladden the hearts and spiritualize the intellects of future generations; and he fervently thanks God that minds have been thus endowed.

While thus absorbed in pleasing meditations, indulged in the quiet of blissful repose, and soul-feasted on the transcendent beauties of Nature, dark and heavy clouds chase away those light and gold-fleeced ones. A portentous shadow thickens around. The landscape scenery assumes a Rembrandtic hue. The little birds, just now so joyous, raise their tiny notes of alarm, and hastily flit hither and thither in search of shelter and a retreat of safety from the gathering storm. Darker and darker grow the heavens, until they seem to be shrouded in a funeral pall; and the blackness of night seems to have usurped the light of day. Low-muttered thunder finds utterance far away in the distance. It rolls up from every direction, and as it receives re enforcements becomes louder and more noisy, until crash after crash comes with such terrific and awe-inspiring effect as to deafen the sense, and combine all the bombardments and cannonadings that mortal mind ever read of, or the imagination ever conceived. The lightning, which at first but faintly flashed here and there along the horizon, has now become one vast sheet of flame, through which millions of monster swords, of denser heat and more glaring color, are cutting and slashing at a fearful rate.

No use to run from the storm. We would probably be overtaken in a worse position. We are safer here on this isolated spot than we would be in camp, where there is so much animal electricity. And then it will be a rare treat to have Nature give us a real earnest shower-bath. It will be so reviving, after the hot and sultry day; so we will quietly fold our arms, while the elements rage around us. Still the lightnings continue incessantly to angrily flash and dart, and cut and slash, back and forward. Onward rolls the deep toned thunder, roaring, rumbling, cracking, and crashing, in awful majesty. Oh, what a terrific warfare of the elements! waiting for the rain to descend in welcome and refreshing torrents. Now come drops, "like angels' visits, few and far between." Large drops they are. They strike the ground with a dull, heavy, and splashing sound. For a few minutes they continue to fall, and then cease altogether. The thunder retires, growling like a discomfited lion. Forked streaks of lightning chase each other away. Still the heavens are shrouded in dense blackness, and darkness prevails. A noisy wind comes rushing up from the southwest, with a hollow, moaning sound. All of a sudden the clouds break away from a narrow slip of the western horizon, and reveal the sun, (only half an hour high,) in all his glaring light and resplendent glory. Oh! what a grand and magnificent picture is now presented to our enraptured view! The sun and the heavy black clouds, striving for the ascendency, give the scene such a strange and peculiar appearance. The feathered songsters leave their hiding places and sail forth, singing their joyous praise in sweetest strains of melody. The clouds begin to break up and run away. The few heavy drops that fell would doubtless have been massive hailstones, had the upper atmosphere been cooler. They have had the effect to raise a sweet and delicious perfume from the herbs and flowers. But sufficient rain to lay the dust has not fallen! All the mighty preparation has proved "much ado about nothing." And thus, at this season of the year, all attempts at rain in this country prove a stupendous failure. And yet these plains far surpass any other country I have ever visited in celestial pyrotechny and artillery.

One of those storms of thunder and lightning is generally preceded by alternate hot and cold breezes, coming invariably from the southwest. The hot breezes sometimes remind one of the blast from the mouth of an intensely-heated furnace. These counter currents of air constitute an atmospherical phenomenon I have never heard explained.

I have unwittingly suffered my pen to glide along, endeavoring to draw a faint picture of one day of life on the plains, until I fear I have exhausted your patience. Next week I will give you a visit to Prairiedogtown, and observations among the small animals of the plains.

Truly, yours, GUY OAKLEAF.

SKELETON STRATA.—The skeletons in our crowded London graveyards lie in layers which are quite historical in their significance, and which would be often startling if the circumstances of their juxtaposition could be made known. A cutting from an old London newspaper, (title and date uncertain,) and which exists in the well-known repository of Mr. Green, of Covent Garden, contains an example of skeleton contact, which is unusually curious, if reliable. It is there stated that Dr. Sacheverell is buried in St. Andrew's, Holborn, and that the notorious Mother Needham, of Hogarth, is lying above him, and above her again is interred Booth, the actor—a strange stratification of famous or notorious clay.—*English Paper.*

THE GAS.—The Providence *Journal* has been asked by several persons "to say something about the gas," and replies, "We don't dare to. Whenever we venture even a hint against the quality of the gas, the very courteous agent of the works comes into our office, and, in the mildest and most persuasive manner in the world, convinces us that we were wrong, and makes us take it all back. If, therefore, we should say that latterly the gas has been very deficient in illuminating power, we should be obliged to retract to-morrow. So we will say nothing about it; but if anybody wishes to have our private opinion of the illuminating quality of the gas by which we write this paragraph, we are ready to give it."

From the Richmond Enquirer of November 10.

SHALL THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION NOMINATE HENRY A. WISE?

"The New York *Herald* says:

"'The conservative men of all parties, North and South, speak highly of Governor Wise, whose stock has gone up one hundred per cent. since the Harper's Ferry affair.'

"The *Herald* is right. Wise's 'stock has gone up one hundred per cent. since the Harper's Ferry affair.' Yes, Harper's Ferry has conquered Harper's *Magazine*. The *authority* of LAW and ORDER has supplanted the *negation of non-intervention*. * * *

"What the nation wants at this time is laws enforced, *property protected* from John Browns, both in States and Territories. The *moral* of Harper's Ferry teaches that the *intervention* of authority, both State and Federal, is demanded as much in the States as in Territories. Intervention is not wanted to *introduce*, but to *protect* Slavery. 'The average common sense of mankind, the Republican phrase for insurrection,' is but a tautological expression for the negation of law—*non intervention*. Upon the Charleston Convention will devolve the duty of drawing the line of demarcation broad and distinct, in platform and candidate, from Black Republicanism. *No compromise will be entertained.*

"The South knows its rights, and Harper's Ferry teaches she must maintain them. *Should the Union survive the approaching Congress*, the Charleston Convention will decide its fate. If the South is permitted by an existing Union to meet the Northern Democracy in Charleston, the consultation will be calm and deliberate. The first men of the South will be there assembled. No scheming, plotting politician, seeking an opportunity to barter rights for public plunder, will be able to gratify his treasonable propensities; but, in firmness and with dignity, the doctrine of *intervention for protection* will be insisted upon by the South, and the representatives of the Northern Democracy will decide the issue. If *for* intervention, the nomination will be proceeded with; if *against* intervention, there will be a leave-taking, a bidding adieu, a *separation*, a *disunion* a *secession*, that will be not only prognostic, but potent—a shadow of coming events cast warningly before, to inform and deter. The Democratic candidates must be presented to the people of all the States upon the *ultimatum* of the Constitution as understood and decided by the Supreme Court. If there are not conservatives enough at the North to elect conservative candidates, there will scarcely be found conservatives enough at the South to save the Union. As honest journalists, in a position which enables us to know Southern opinion, and to see and understand all the movements upon the chess-board of Southern politics, we calmly warn our Northern allies of the danger. Let it be remembered that our private correspondence ramifies the Southern States, that the *Enquirer* is received at 5,932 post offices, is read by phlegmatic farmers, as well as fiery politicians; that our exchanges embrace almost every paper in the South, and that, from the tone of the Southern press and the tenor of our letters from correspondents and subscribers, we do not hesitate to say that this 'winter' will be one of 'discontent,' and that 'glorious summer' will not dispel the clouds that 'lower upon our house.'"

Among the grounds of the *Enquirer's* preference for Governor Wise for President are the following:

"We must cease to compromise with Abolitionism; it must not attempt to defeat Southern representative men because they are representative men, and as such distasteful to Northern fanaticism. The South must know at Charleston that devotion to her rights and interests is no longer to be the reason for withholding honor from her sons.

"What Southern man ought to be the nominee, we will not undertake to say. Our preference for Governor Wise is based upon the facts that he is a representative man of Southern Pro-Slavery sentiment; that his life has been devoted to Southern interests, Southern rights, and Southern honor," &c.

GEORGE WASHINGTON IN FAVOR OF "A CONFEDERATION OF FREE STATES."—We should like to have our Democratic friends learn the following paragraph by heart. The hope which many entertain, that there may yet be, by a "constitutional process," a "Confederation of Free States," is an old idea. The following is what George Washington, in a letter to Gen. Lafayette, said about it:

"I agree with you cordially in your views in regard to Negro Slavery. I have long considered it a most serious evil, both socially and politically, and I should rejoice in any feasible scheme to rid our States of such a burden. The Congress of 1787 adopted an ordinance which prohibits the existence of involuntary servitude in our Northwestern Territory forever. *I consider it a wise measure. It met with the approval and assent of nearly every member from the States more immediately interested in slave labor. The prevailing opinion in Virginia is against the spread of Slavery in our new Territories*, and I trust we shall have a confederation of free States."

If Washington were alive to-day, he would be classed with the "Brown conspirators" for having uttered such a sentiment.

MISSOURI RAPIDLY WHITENING OUT.—The St. Louis *Democrat* of the 9th states that the irrepressible exodus of slaves from the borders of Missouri continues unabated. Some are selling, others allowing their negroes to run away. Twenty-five left on one boat for the South on the 8th, and the black stream out of the State is steady and without a returning tide. Free white labor is coming in, and the *Democrat* learns, from one of the toll-gate keepers on the Manchester road from St. Louis, that, during the season, not less than one hundred families have passed towards the southwest, and yet only one had any slaves. All the rest were from the North and East. The *Enquirer* says, "Can any one doubt the fact that the State is fast emancipating itself from the incubus of Slavery, and gradually getting ready for enrollment with the great majority of the Union?"

TOM CORWIN AND THE BULL TERRIER.—While Tom Corwin was addressing a large meeting at Springfield, Ohio, not long since, and was soaring into the higher regions of political eloquence, a black, middle-sized, and morose-looking bull terrier mounted the platform, and, taking his place beside the speaker, surveyed the assembled sovereigns with a severe countenance and a melancholy wag of his caudal stump. His *debut* was greeted with roars of laughter, and Tom Corwin paused in the middle of a sentence. Turning toward the intruding animal, he waved his hand courteously, saying, "Come! one at a time, if you please." The terrier retired a few paces, and glanced quizzically at the speaker, when Corwin advanced to the edge of the stand, and said to the people, in a very confidential tone, "I do believe he intends to leave the other dogs, and join the Republican party!" This palpable hit was received with a tempest of laughter and applause, in the midst of which his dogship trotted out of the hall, with his tail at an angle of intense disgust.

Hume, the spirit-rapper, was recently in Paris, with his Russian wife, on his way to America. He is said to have lately received an enlargement of his wonderful powers, so that he can now not only enable you to converse with defunct, but with the living people who are in other places.

George T. Curtis, of Boston, has written a reply to Douglas on the Territorial question, under the title, "The Just Supremacy of Congress over the Territories." Mr. Curtis is the author of an elaborate "History of the Federal Constitution," published by the Harpers.

SENATOR SUMNER.—"Ion," Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, says that "Mr. Sumner is about to resign his seat in the United States Senate, and, it is said, will marry and reside in England. Governor Banks will undoubtedly succeed him in the Senate."

The *Louisiana Baptist* says that the Rev. J. R. Graves, editor of the *Tennessee Baptist*, preached in Mt. Lebanon, La., last week, to a large and *patient* audience for *three hours and a quarter!*

Senator Sumner was to sail in the Canada from Liverpool on Saturday, the 5th, and will probably arrive in Boston this week.

The Emperor of the French has just completed a new work, to be published under the title of *Histoire des canons rayés.*

TO ADVERTISERS.—Business men will find it greatly to their advantage to advertise in the *Era*.

Messrs. Pettingill & Co., S. B. Niles, and Joy, Coe, & Co., are our authorized advertising agents for Boston. New York, and Philadelphia.

The following gentlemen are accredited agents for the *Era*: G. W. Light, Boston, Mass.; J. A. Innis, Salem, Mass.; Thomas Wheeler, Cincinnati, Ohio; L. T. Park, Mount Union, Ohio; Joseph Hughes, Philadelphia, Pa.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1859.

☞ All letters for the *National Era* must be addressed to Mrs. M. L. BAILEY, *National Era, Washington, D. C.*

TO SUBSCRIBERS—BILLS.

A great many bills go out in this week's *Era*. Will our subscribers look out for them. Take care that they do not slip out, unnoticed. They should receive immediate attention. The work of renewing our list every year is onerous. Every paper is stopped where the subscription is not forwarded in advance. If agents are slow in calling upon you, don't wait, but renew your own subscription.

A WORD IN SEASON.

The time for renewing nearly our entire list of subscribers is at hand. Will not our numerous voluntary agents, who have heretofore exerted themselves in behalf of the *Era*, see that the list is kept up this year? We some days since addressed a circular letter to each of them, and we earnestly hope the appeal therein made will meet with their hearty response.

Please bear in mind that the *Era* is sustained solely by its subscription list, and which can only be kept up by the active efforts of our corps of voluntary agents.

We should be pleased to have every subscriber constitute himself an agent for procuring a club.

Read our Prospectus and Terms, and then act.

Our New Volume begins with January, but subscriptions can begin at any time, and new subscribers will find it very important to commence with the first number in December, so as to have a complete record of the doings in Congress.

TO OUR EXCHANGES.

Our Exchange List is so very extensive, that we shall be compelled to reduce it with the incoming volume. Of course, we shall feel under obligations to continue those which have published, or may publish, our new Prospectus, or editorially call attention to the same.

THE ELECTIONS.

NEW YORK.—*Albany, Nov. 14.*—The most reliable returns of the recent State election leave no reasonable doubt of the election of the entire Republican State ticket. The State canvassers meet here to-morrow.

NEW JERSEY.—In New Jersey, the Opposition have elected the Governor, but the "Democrats" have a majority in the Legislature.

WISCONSIN.—The Republicans sweep everything before them in Wisconsin, but we are unable to give the details yet.

KANSAS.—The Republicans have triumphed in the Territorial election. Mr. Parrott is reelected as the Delegate to Congress by a decided majority. It is to be hoped that the last Territorial election has now been held in Kansas.

THE MEXICAN INVASION—SPECKS OF WAR.—We publish accounts of a startling nature from Brownsville, in Texas. If they prove to be reliable, the Mexicans have actually invaded the United States, and captured the town of Brownsville, in the southwest angle of Texas, near the mouth of the Rio Grande.

We suspect that the story is greatly exaggerated, if not manufactured out of whole cloth. If, however, it shall turn out to be true, it may be used as a pretext for the conquest of one or more Mexican provinces, however unauthorized by either of the two larger factions which rule that country.

A war with Mexico just at this crisis would be a God-send to the Administration of Mr. Buchanan. It would gladly incur the responsibilities of foreign war, in order to draw off public attention from the deformities of the local Government. Such a war might at the same time result in new acquisitions of slave territory, which is an object ever dear to the "Democracy."

We quote from the *Herald* a statement of our difficulties with England in regard to the small island of San Juan, on the northwestern coast of Washington Territory. The reader will perceive an evident disposition on the part of the *Herald*, as an Administration organ, to blow that affair into importance, and to talk of war, as a consequence of it; but we attach little importance to it, and merely give the statement for what it is worth. There is no danger of a war with England while the Sham Democracy rules the country. But we should not be surprised if Mr. Buchanan should pluck up courage to attack Mexico.

OHIO ELECTION—OFFICIAL.

The *State Journal* of the 4th publishes a full table of the vote of Ohio at the recent State elections, and the footings with the majority for each candidate.

The total vote is a large one, 355,768, being 10,000 over the vote of last year. It, however, falls short 30,884 votes of the Presidential vote of 1856. We give a summary:

GOVERNOR.	
William Dennison, jun.	184,502
Rufus P. Ranney	171,266
Dennison's majority	13,236
LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.	
Robert C. Kirk	185,334
William H. Safford	170,587
Kirk's majority	14,747

Ranney ran a little ahead of his ticket on the Western Reserve. The Republican majority on the other State officers range between fourteen and fifteen thousand. The Republicans directed their chief efforts to secure the Legislature, in view of the fact that a United States Senator is to be chosen by it. The aggregate majority of the Republican candidates over the Democratic candidates for the Legislature is 21,586.

The State ticket was considered entirely safe, and was left to take care of itself; but not so the Legislature. The Republicans were determined to leave nothing to chance on this important office. They were bound to put Pugh out, and Chase in the National Senate, and to this end rolled up a majority of nearly 22,000. The average majority, taking the whole ticket—Legislature in both branches and Senate—exceeds 16,000. Next year, the Buckeyes will put it to 30,000 for a Republican President.—*Chicago Press and Tribune.*

It is worthy of remark that the Democratic candidate ran ahead of his ticket in the Western Reserve, where the Anti-Slavery sentiment is strongest. Mr. Ranney was, in 1850, a violent opponent of the fugitive slave act, though a "Democrat" then, as now, in good standing; and there can be no doubt that his relative popularity in the Western Reserve is owing to this circumstance. Thus it is that the Sham Democracy adapts itself, chameleon like, to all the varying hues of public opinion which prevail in different sections of the country.

"IMPROVEMENT" OF THE HARPER'S FERRY AFFAIR.

The advocates of Slavery have for years past boasted of the superior stability and security of Southern society, as compared with free society in any part of the world. They have felicitated themselves especially upon their exemption from all the disturbing and agitating isms which, in the free States, occupy so much of the public attention, and cause dissension in the churches and parties of that section, and sometimes deprive men and women of their reason. They pointed, with glowing pride, to the calm repose of the Southern mind. No new theories of liberty, religion, or social life, ever found advocates, we were told, where the "patriarchal institution" held sway. All their ways were pleasantness, and all their paths were peace. These high Pro-Slavery authorities seemed deeply to deplore the forlorn condition of the States which are not blessed with the "peculiar institution." Their sympathies were moved, they mourned over the "failure of free society," and exhorted their Northern brethren to retrace their steps, restore Slavery, and thus save themselves from impending wreck and ruin.

Such was, a few brief weeks ago, the tone of Southern journals. But, while indulging in dreams of perpetual peace and security, a half-mad enthusiast, with seventeen followers, strikes a blow which shakes the whole fabric of Southern society to its centre. Fifteen States, as large as half of Europe, are convulsed with rage and fear. The Federal Government, backed by two of the oldest and most powerful of the Southern States, fly to arms, in order to rescue a town of two thousand inhabitants from the hands of eighteen men! No better illustration of the absurdity of the boasted security of slaveholding society could be imagined than these facts furnish. It is true that the slaves did not rise against their masters, for the reasons assigned by the Richmond *Enquirer*, viz: that on the northern borders of Virginia they find it easier to run away than to conquer their freedom. Slavery, says the Richmond Democratic organ, only exists by sufferance in Northern Virginia. The negroes and the masters are said to be aware of the ease with which emancipation can be effected by crossing over into Pennsylvania; and it would be incurring unnecessary risk of life to fight for freedom, when it can be obtained so easily and quietly. But, further South, the *Enquirer* thinks, and we think, the result of such an invasion might have been quite different; and the greatest vigilance will be, and should be, used to prevent a similar occurrence. It is lamentable to know that a large portion of our country is subject to be panic-stricken by the machinations of a dozen or twenty men; but the fact is so; and it is folly to attempt its concealment. Insurrections forever impend over countries which hold one half of the people in absolute chattel slavery to the other half.

The South, notwithstanding the fine arguments in favor of Slavery with which her people have been amused for some years past, is beginning to realize this great fact; and, in spite of the excitement and anger which the Harper's Ferry invasion has produced, the effect must be a permanent feeling of dissatisfaction with a state of things so incompatible with peace and security. Here, then, is the first great consequence of that affair.

But, from dissatisfaction, insecurity, and conscious weakness, the public mind of the South will be led to question the utility of an institution which brings these evils in its train. Discussion must follow; the madness of party and the prejudice of education must give way before the imperious necessities of the hour. Something must be done to abate the constantly threatening danger. What shall it be? The immediate and voluntary abolition of Slavery cannot be expected. Slave property is too valuable to expect its immediate and voluntary relinquishment, while to maintain the system in its present form of unmitigated and unrestrained chattelhood is now evidently fraught with peril. A dissolution of the Union, so far from mending the matter, would only serve to precipitate the apprehended catastrophe.

The house of refuge for runaway slaves would by that event be brought down from Canada to the frontiers of Maryland and Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri. No amount of vigilance could prevent stampedes on a far greater scale than that on which they have hitherto been conducted. The value of Slavery in all the States bordering on the north would rapidly depreciate, and the only security for that species of property would be in sending it immediately to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. The border States would in this way be made free much sooner than they can be under the protection of the Union; and either the old war of Freedom and Slavery would again arise in the Southern Republic, or the free States belonging to it would secede, and join the North.

This is putting things on their best footing. It is supposing that the Union can be quietly and peaceably dissolved, and that the whole South will secede in a body. But this is not at all probable. Notwithstanding the present excitement, which is said to be intense, we hazard little in the prediction that the more northern slave States will not secede upon the naked issue of resistance or submission to the rule of a Republican President. A large majority of the people will say, "let us wait until our constitutional rights are invaded, before we proceed to break up the Union;" and as that contingency will not happen, no other consequence will follow the inauguration of a Republican President than the assemblage of a few noisy "Democratic" Conventions in the Southern States, and the adoption of pompous manifestoes.

Whether in the Union or out of it, the dangers arising from Slavery, while it maintains its present form, will continue. What then can be done? What is practicable? It seems to us clear that the South should at least begin to ameliorate Slavery, if not to provide for its abolition. Indeed, amelioration is a preparatory step to the final extinction of the system, while it is absolutely necessary to its peaceful existence. The South should make Slavery what its advocates claim it to be, viz: a patriarchal institution. The slave should be bound to his home, not by the vigilance of bloodhounds and overseers, but by concessions of privileges and rights which have hitherto been withheld from him. The Southern Legislatures should occupy their time, not in fruitless disputation upon Federal politics, but in devising humane measures of reform in their slave codes. Every slave State, perhaps, with the exception of Delaware, permits slaveholders to separate families at their pleasure. Not one of them recognises the relation of husband and wife among slaves. Parents and children, even babes and their mothers, are permitted to be separated, at the caprice or the convenience of any heartless tyrant. It is in vain to say that these things never happen. The law permits them, and no candid Southerner will deny that they occur frequently. Many eminent Southerners, and among them Senator Toombs, have acknowledged that this glaring enormity should be forbidden by law.

Another great evil of Slavery which calls for immediate remedy is the denial of the God-given right of mental and moral improvement. The South must not forget that the Saviour held the possessor of one talent to the same rigid accountability for its improvement as the owner of ten. It is therefore no apology for the laws against education to say that the blacks are an inferior race.

Admit it, and we yet have the authority of scripture for saying that the superior race, though with ten-fold higher endowments, is held to no more rigid accountability for their improvement than the inferior for its lower order of intellect. But if the inferior is held responsible by the Almighty for the cultivation of his intellectual and spiritual gifts, and if he is to be punished for permitting them to lie dormant, what is to become of the cruel tyrants who compel him to a state of perpetual degradation?

If God is just, and the Bible be true, fearful must be the retribution which will be visited upon those who, not content with enslaving the body, would also put out the light of the soul.

Here then is another great reform needed. It is demanded alike by justice and expediency.

A third reform should consist in guarantying to slaves the right of holding property, which in their spare hours they may accumulate. This regulation would stimulate thrift and industry, and give the slave a permanent interest in the peace and order of society. It would in some sense make him a conservative.

If these rights and privileges were secured to the slave population by a well-digested code of laws; and if no man were permitted to buy, or sell, or emigrate with slaves, without taking whole families, the effect of such humane regulations could not fail to lighten the yoke of Slavery, and predispose the negroes to wait with patience for deliverance from bondage by peaceful emancipation. The danger of insurrection is in exact proportion to the severity of Slavery, and will be lessened with every sincere effort to alleviate and reform the system. It is true, that to reform Slavery, and elevate the condition of the slave, will be gradually to undermine the system, and prepare for its extinction; but the tendency to emancipation will be peaceful, and with the consent of the masters. To elevate the condition of the slave, and raise him nearer to that of his master, is to bring them into closer sympathy. Reformatory measures will have an equally humanizing effect upon masters and slaves, and incline the former to deal justly. Emancipation will come; and it is for the Southern people to say whether they will prepare for it by wise and Christian efforts to civilize the slaves, or stubbornly wait until wars or revolutions shall give a bloody solution to the problem.

These reforms can be effected without expense or danger, and the only danger is in withholding them. Will not the wise and good men of the South avail themselves of the present unhappy state of the public mind to propose these healing measures? The free discussions on Slavery in the Virginia Legislature in 1832 were caused by the insurrection of the preceding August, and we are inclined to hope that the similar state of agitation and alarm which now exists will cause another outbreak of independent thought, and that it will lead to practical results.

THE STRENGTH OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

The triumph of the Republican party in New York, under all the circumstances, furnishes the most conclusive proof of its strength, and the efficiency of its organization. It has not simply held its ground—it has taken an important step forward. Hitherto Republicanism in the Empire State has been in the minority. It was simply the largest of three parties, and has carried the elections by pluralities; a union of the two opposing parties in former contests would have caused its defeat. But in the late election the Republicans have triumphed, by a clear majority, over both the "Democratic" and American parties. The leaders of the latter adopted an ingenious device by which they hoped to prevent a Republican triumph. Of the eight State officers to be elected, four were selected by the Americans from the Republican, and four from the "Democratic" ticket; and it was hoped, by concentrating the vote of the third party upon this mongrel ticket, that neither of the great parties could come off entirely victorious. This arrangement, in view of the fact that heretofore the "Democratic" and American votes united have been by many thousands larger than the Republican, was a formidable obstacle to complete success. In addition to it, the Harper's Ferry affair occurred on the eve of the election, and furnished a mere pretext for implicating all the opponents of Slavery in unlawful schemes of aggression upon the South. The *Herald* with its immense circulation raised the hue and cry against the Republican leaders, and its appeals to the prejudices and passions of the multitude were echoed back by every "Democratic" journal in the land. Old John Brown was hailed as a deliverer by the terrified adherents of the Administration; their hopes revived, and for a few days they confidently expected to sweep all before them. But their work of detraction was overdone. Their fabrications were too monstrous for belief, and their dishonest use of the affair recoiled upon them. It may be doubted if the effort to inculpate the wisest and best statesmen in the land in a scheme so absurd as that of Brown and his confederates, has not been a benefit to the Republican party.

This election inaugurates a new era in American politics. It makes clear the fact, that the Slave Oligarchy, with their "Democratic" organization, have lost the faculty of terrifying the Northern people into the support of their policy. The leading-strings have at length been broken, the Northern people have thrown aside their timid fears, and now dare to assert their own policy of Freedom for the Territories, unawed by idle threats of disunion and civil war. They will take no step backward. They will strip the sham Democracy of the power they have so long abused. They will make free the National Territories, and while they will not interfere with the constitutional rights of the Southern States, they will put the Federal Government in hands which will not use its patronage and influence, as heretofore, in fostering a spirit of Slavery propagandism.

The Harper's Ferry affair has spent its force, so far as the Republican party in the free States is concerned. It can do no harm in future contests in the free States. That it will intensify Southern ultraism, and cause the propagandists of Slavery to demand still greater concessions from their "Northern allies," we have already abundant proof. The Southern "Democracy" are now almost unanimous in demanding legislative protection to Slavery in the Territories; and those who talk of "Non-Intervention" and "Popular Sovereignty," are denounced as traitors in disguise.

These ultraisms are the legitimate fruits of the unscrupulous efforts to connect the Republican party with the Harper's Ferry affair. The Southern people are made to believe that their only hope of safety is in the adoption of a strongly Pro-Slavery policy, and the selection of ultra Pro-Slavery men to carry it into effect. The hope is still indulged that this policy, so odious and revolting to the people of the North, will be accepted by them in order to save the Union from threatened dissolution. The lesson of the late election in New York has failed to make an impression upon the minds of the Southern "Democracy."

There seems to be a providence in this madness of our opponents. They are incapable of forgetting or learning; and all their cunningly devised schemes are but snares in which they fall as victims. They could do nothing so well calculated to strengthen the Republican party as to confront it with their preposterous ultraisms. They drive the great mass of the Northern people from them, and only retain the allegiance of the office-holders and the lowest rabble in the great cities.

The Republican party was never so formidable as it is to-day. It gains strength hourly; the various elements of opposition are gradually being assimilated to it; and on the 4th of March, 1861, its chosen leaders will take quiet possession of the Federal Government, with an overwhelming majority of the American people at their back.

THE SOUTHERN DIRECT TRADE.

We have often attempted to show that the idea prevalent at the South, of the importance of a direct trade to Europe, is altogether fallacious. We have insisted that the home trade is the best, for the simple reason that it exists, while the foreign trade does not exist. Men buy where they can buy cheapest; and the idea that they should go to a dearer or more inconvenient market because it is foreign, in preference to one in their own country, can only be the offspring of a silly vanity.

The South supplies the bulk of our foreign exports; and these, from the nature of the case, are shipped from the nearest sea-port town. They are shipped for the greater part in Northern and European vessels, for the simple reason that the South has not a sufficient supply of vessels of her own. The South has the staples of commerce, as well as of manufactures; but she has neither the capital nor the skill to conduct manufacturing or mercantile enterprises.

Her system of Slavery is only adapted to agriculture, and she must forever forego the advantages of commerce and manufactures, so long as that system shall last, or its consequences be felt. Colonial dependence is the natural condition of slaveholding communities. They are unfitted for independent existence.

Before the Revolution, the slaveholding States received from England directly their supplies of manufactured goods, in exchange for tobacco and other products. The imports and the exports were made in British ships, or in ships belonging to the Northern Colonies. The South had no ships or seamen worth naming, far less, indeed, than she now has. The Northern Colonies were poor, and produced none of the valuable products which were characteristic of the South, and which enabled the planters to revel in comparative luxury.

Southern writers now boast that, prior to the Revolution, the commerce of the South exceeded that of the North, but the mistake is explained by the facts above stated, viz: that the Southern products were conveyed to Europe in English ships, and goods brought back from London to Southern ports by the same English vessels, thus showing an amount of trade with Europe, belonging to them, far greater than the Northern towns exhibited. But, in point of fact, the South had no commerce. It had far less then than now. It has gained instead of losing, relatively.

The following remarks of an intelligent South Carolinian, which we find in the Charleston *Mercury*, show a clearer perception of the true state of things than we had been led to expect from that quarter. The writer states emphatically that Charleston cannot import from Europe; that she can do better in New York than in foreign markets; and that New York is the centre of the commerce of the United States, if not of the world. The author of this article is guilty of incivism in telling these wholesome truths to the people of that State; and we are surprised that the *Mercury* should become the organ of such sentiments. When will Southern Commercial Conventions learn this simple dictate of common sense, applied to the laws of political economy? One would suppose that it would not require the continual repetition of a proposition so plain, to make it intelligible to the habitual students of that science which we were inclined to regard as a Southern monopoly.

The writer in the *Mercury* says:

"The city of Charleston only imports to a very limited extent. Long experience has proved that the jobbing wholesale merchants of that city can purchase to better advantage in New York than they can import direct. New York is the centre of commerce in the United States, (and we might with truth say, of the whole world.) The people of every nation send their exchangeable commodities there to be sold, or exchanged for American produce. The consequence is, that it has become the best market in the civilized world to purchase cheap goods in."

Such is the testimony of an intelligent South Carolinian to the superiority of the domestic over the foreign market. It is not improbable that the Quixotic enterprises, or rather, we should say, speculations of the Southern Commercial Conventions, have at length disgusted men of common sense in the South, and caused them to look facts in the face.

The Richmond *Enquirer*, which, under the eye of Governor Wise, has become an advocate of a domestic policy in many respects enlightened, still clings to the idle phantasy that Virginia is a loser by trading with New York instead of Liverpool. It asserts that the wheat of Virginia is sent to New York, and thence re-shipped to Europe; and that goods are shipped to New York from Europe, and then re-shipped to Virginia. On this assumption of the facts, the *Enquirer* argues that Virginia must be a great loser by trading to Europe indirectly, instead of directly. But the fact is, that the Virginia wheat and other products shipped to New York are intended for New York and New England, and not for Europe. Some of it may find its way thither, just as some of the Western wheat intended for the Eastern States is forwarded to Europe, when the foreign market calls for it, and the home market can spare it.

The *Enquirer* is equally mistaken in supposing that Virginia draws her supplies of merchandise in any considerable degree from Europe. We will venture to say, that nine-tenths of the goods brought to Virginia from New York, Boston, and other Northern cities, are of Northern manufacture; while the remaining tenth is too inconsiderable to justify a direct trade to Europe. The consumption of foreign goods in Virginia and North Carolina is too inconsiderable to warrant a direct trade, except on a small scale, and in a few articles. Her merchants cannot afford to bring out cargoes of fine goods, when the market is so limited. They find it safer and cheaper to go to New York, and make up assortments in a small way—thus saving the risk of having on hand large and valuable supplies, without customers to buy them.

THE IRREPRESSIBLES.—This is the nickname given by the Washington *States* to the Republicans. Good. We like it. Synonyms are highly convenient to editors and others, who have occasion to make frequent allusion to the parties of the day.

A movement has been made and money contributed in New York city to present a public testimonial to Miss Foulke, of Harper's Ferry, for her bravery and humanity in protecting with her own person the prisoner Thompson from his cowardly assailants.

THE REVIEW.

The Student's Hume. A History of England, from the Earliest Times to the Revolution in 1688. By David Hume. Abridged Incorporating the corrections and researches of recent historians, and continued down to the year 1858. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington, D. C.

The title of this book sufficiently explains itself. It embodies all the chief events of English history, and as a book of reference is very convenient. Uniform with this volume, Harper & Brothers have issued an Abridgement of Gibbon's Rome, Dean Liddell's smaller Roman History, and Dr. Smith's History of Greece, which are all intended to serve the same purpose as the above work—that is, a manual of reference.

A History of the Four Georges, Kings of England; containing Personal Incidents of their Lives, Public Events of their Reigns, and Biographical Sketches of their chief Ministers, Courtiers, and Favorites. By Samuel M Smucker, LL. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Smucker is a pleasant, gossippy writer, though not over nice or scrupulous in his tastes. In his History of the Georges, he dwells more upon their private character than their public acts, and holds up to the pitiless gaze of the public all the short-comings and misdeeds of these monarchs, who were certainly among the most profligate that had occupied the throne of England.

The author of this volume is neither a very profound nor philosophical historian, nor does he profess to be; but his work will be perused by many with interest, as giving a graphic and pleasing sketch of the manners and customs of the times of which it treats, as well as affording information respecting many of the acts of the public men of that period, and the secret motives that influenced them in their conduct.

New American Cyclopædia. Vol. V.I. By Edward—Fueros New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington, D. C.

This volume is more than usually valuable. The articles "Egypt," "England," "France," are each a condensed history, and those on "Electricity," "Electro-Dynamics," "Electro-Magnetism," "Fortification," "Fuel," &c., refer to all the important points of the subjects. This Cyclopædia increases steadily in interest, and, we doubt not, will fill up a gap long perceived in American bibliography.

A Good Fight, and Other Tales. By Charles Reade. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington, D. C.

Every one reads the charmingly-extravagant stories of Charles Reade, and we need give no more than the title of this book to insure the attention of the reader.

Life of Julius Cæsar.
Life of Vittoria Colonna.
New York: Sheldon & Co. For sale by Ballantyne, seventh street, Washington.

The first of these little biographies is taken from Liddell's Roman History, the other from Mr. J. A. Trollope's Decade of Italian Women. They form part of the Household Library now being published by Sheldon & Co., which is composed of biographical and historical extracts from standard works. This series deserves a place in every family, for, apart from its intrinsic merit, the compiler has done his work admirably, and has, by judicious selections, placed within easy reach much information otherwise difficult to attain.

We have received from the publishers the following magazines: The Atlantic Monthly, November, 1859; Boston: Ticknor & Fields. The American Journal of Medical Science, October, 1859; Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea. Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, October, 1859; New York: Leonard Scott & Co.

We have received from the publishers, D. Appleton & Co., parts 4, 5, and 6, of their republication of Chambers's Encyclopædia. This is one of the series of valuable cyclopædias and dictionaries issued by this enterprising firm, and we can cordially recommend it to the reader as a cheap and excellent "Dictionary of Universal Knowledge." A part will be issued on the first of each month, at the low price of fifteen cents.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Homestead on the Hillside, &c. By Mrs. Holmes. New York: C. M. Saxton, Barker, & Co.

Dora Dean and Maggie Miller. By Mrs. Holmes. New York: C. M. Saxton, Barker, & Co.

Youatt and Spooner on the Horse. New York: C. M. Saxton & Co.

Loss and Gain. By Alice B. Haven. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington, D. C.

The Prairie Traveller: a Hand-book for Overland Expeditions. With maps, illustrations, and itineraries of the principal routes between the Mississippi and the Pacific. By Randolph B. Marcy, Captain U. S. Army. Published by authority of the War Department. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington., D. C.

Fisher's River (North Carolina) Scenes and Characters. By "Skitt," "who was raised thar." Illustrated by John McLenan. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Taylor & Maury, Washington, D. C.

THE NEW YORK ELECTION.

ALBANY, *Nov.* 12, 1859.

To the Editor of the National Era:

The majority (Democratic and American) *against* the Republicans in 1856, in New York State, was 44,478; in 1858, it was 43,440. At the election just closed, the majority *for* the Republicans (over the Democrats and Americans united) is about 2,000. The majority of the Republicans over the Democrats is now over 20,000. In the Senate just chosen, the Republicans have a majority of 14. In the last Senate, as elected, the Republicans had no majority except by the casting vote of the Lieut. Governor. The Assembly shows a gain almost as remarkable. The present Senate participates in the election of a United States Senator in 1861, when Mr. Seward's term expires.

Of the Supreme Court Judges elected, all are Republicans except three, in the Albany, Brooklyn, and New York districts. Thus you see that the Republican victory is complete and permanent. The large number of voters who staid at home, busy with their autumn work, confident of success without their aid, or indifferent to a mere State election, minus Governor and members of Congress, were three-fourths Republicans. These will all be out in the Presidential struggle; so will the wavering and timid, who now see which is the strongest party. Americanism also has drawn its last breath, and *its* mischievous influence will be out of the way of Republicans in future contests. You may therefore put New York with Vermont and Massachusetts among the reliable Republican States. B.

THE SENTENCE OF THE HARPER'S FERRY INSURGENTS.—When the convicts Cook, Coppic, Copeland, and Green, (the two latter colored,) were brought out on the 10th inst. to receive the sentence of Judge Parker, at the close of Jefferson county Circuit Court, at Charlestown, Va., they were asked if they had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon them. Cook and Coppic then proceeded to deliver short addresses, the former being somewhat vehement in his manner of speaking, and the latter in an impressive and collected style of delivery. It is stated that both protested their ignorance of the attack on Harper's Ferry until the Sabbath before the night of the attack, when they were called on to swear to obey the orders of their commander, Brown. The negroes declined saying anything.

They were all sentenced to be hung on Friday, the 16th of December.

THE WASHINGTON STATES AGAIN.

This journal must be more careful, or it may be suspected of a private arrangement to advertise for the Republicans of Washington; and that respectable portion of our community have no fear of publicity, for they have nothing to conceal. But we confess our surprise that so vigilant a guardian of Southern interests should only have discovered the existence of the Washington Republican Association "since the treasonable demonstration at Harper's Ferry." That association is older than the *States* itself, its reading room and place of meeting has always been conspicuously located on our most public streets, and it has been in a state of great activity for more than four years, sending out thousands of sound Republican documents into the "dens" of Democracy, with what effect the late elections testify. But we have already given more prominence to this paper than it deserves. It had better understand, once for all, that while its abuse can do no possible harm to the Republicans of Washington or the *National Era*, its misrepresentations may give unnecessary alarm to the timid and nervous among its own readers.

The *States* may as well cease its tirades. The *Era* is no stranger in this community. It is one of the oldest journals in the city, its Anti-Slavery character is well known, it holds no opinions that it does not openly avow, and asks leave to exist of none but its own subscribers.

We advise our neighbor to cultivate patience and forbearance. It will have great need of these christian graces before it sees the end of Republicanism and Anti-Slavery journals in Washington.

The following is the editoral to which we refer, from the *States* of Friday last:

PATRIOTIC LEAGUES.

The association in this city of Black Republicans, which has discovered itself since the treasonable demonstration at Harper's Ferry, is calculated to excite painful forebodings in conservative minds, that scheme after scheme is originated and discussed for the interruption of the peace of the slaveholding States.

What other object can an Abolition association have at the Metropolis of the Union, than the promulgation of insurrectionary sentiments in districts of the South where such sentiments can accomplish the most harm?

Washington is a spot to which the most desperate political incendiaries can repair, ostensibly for the transaction of business with the General Government, without exciting suspicion. In connection with the Abolition association, they are invited to come hither, just as robbers are invited by mystical signs to concentrate in the same cave for the arrangement of their plan of operation.

What the sign for admission is into the Abolition den of vipers who infest this peaceful and well-disposed community is not perhaps known, except to the initiated. By and by it will probably manifest itself, through the inadvertence of a new member or a malcontent. In the mean time, however, it may commit a ruinous amount of crime against the Republic.

In the interest of public security, every inhabitant of the District suspected of Black Republicanism cannot be too vigilantly watched, as relates to his intercourse with suspicious-looking strangers. We are quite confident that John Brown would have been at no loss where to apply for aid and comfort, had he found it possible to proceed to Washington as a place of refuge—if, indeed, he had not previously had a personal knowledge of the receptacle prepared for him. Two most conspicuous designations of the offices of Abolition journals, near the railroad depot, would have served as unmistakable beacons for him.

In a time of so much peril, we believe that it is the duty of patriotic communities to form themselves into leagues, in counties and cities throughout the Union. By adopting such a course, a new lease would be given to the Constitution. Black Republicanism would be completely checkmated, and conspirators against our system of government disarmed of their fratricidal weapons. The really good men of the non-slaveholding States would co-operate cheerfully in such a movement. None but the false and vicious would withhold from it their cordial approval.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Ion, the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, says:

"It is ascertained that of the 133 delegates to the Pennsylvania Democratic State Convention, which is to appoint delegates to the Charleston Convention, all but ten are in favor of Mr. Buchanan's administration. So the Pennsylvania delegation at Charleston will represent the Buchanan Democracy. Everything now tends to the nomination, at Charleston, of a Southern conservative statesman for the Presidency."

The revelations of Col. Forbes are penny-a-line work—so think we it will turn out in the end. The Governor of Ohio, Chase, explicitly denies that he ever received copies of any such letters as Forbes says he sent him. Forbes's words are:

"Please show to Messrs. Sanborn, Lawrence, & Co. Copies will be sent to Gov. Chase, who found money, and Gov. Fletcher, who contributed arms, and to others interested, as quickly as possible."

Gov. Chase's denial is:

"No copy of the letter was ever sent to Gov. Chase; at least, no copy of any such letter was ever received by him. He received no intimation from any source or at any time of any purpose on the part of Forbes to excite run off negroes, or on the part of Brown to excite insurrection among the slaves. As to his finding money, it is enough to say that, in 1855–'6, while the contest for Freedom in Kansas against the attempts to force Slavery into that Territory was undecided, Gov. Chase, in common with his fellow-citizens in this and other States, contributed according to his ability in aid of the Free-State cause. For no other purpose with which old Brown was connected was any money ever "found" or furnished by him.

"We make these statements upon the authority of the Governor himself."—*Columbus (Ohio) State Journal.*

The same is said, in substance, by Senator Hale, and the same, doubtless, will be said by Senator Seward when he returns. We have no idea that Forbes is any sort of authority against any man, and we believe that he writes "for pay" to supply a literature in immediate and pressing demand.

WHERE THE SHOE PINCHES.—An old Whig, who now votes the Buchanan ticket, said, the other day: "My acquaintances sometimes wonder how I, who have always fought against the Democratic party, can now vote with it; but I can tell them that voting the ticket isn't the greatest difficulty. It is mixing with the men that I find the hardest work."

VOICE OF THE LEGISLATURE OF GEORGIA.—The following preamble and resolutions were introduced in the Georgia House of Representatives last week, and passed unanimously:

Whereas the late attempt at Harper's Ferry, in the State of Virginia, to excite a portion of the slaves of the South to insurrection, has produced the highest degree of indignation in the minds of Southern people against the perpetrators of that outrage, their aiders and abettors, and affords just ground to apprehend a renewal of their efforts in other places; and whereas the action of Governor Wise and President Buchanan meets with our unqualified approbation, we deem it incumbent upon the members of the Legislature of the State of Georgia to give the most authoritative expression of their sentiments: Therefore,

Resolved, That we regard the effort to excite the slaves of the South to a servile insurrection with the most intense indignation, and trust that the parties to this insane and treasonable plot may meet with the most prompt and signal punishment, believing, as we do, that while it will be meting out a just retribution for their crime, it will exert a wholesome influence in deterring others from countenancing similar movements.

Resolved, That the prompt and energetic action of Gov. Wise, of Virginia, and of President Buchanan, in suppressing the outbreak at Harper's Ferry, and in their efforts to capture the insurgents, evince a degree of manliness and patriotism, honorable alike to them and worthy of our warm admiration.

Resolved, That we pledge the State of Georgia to uphold and support the State of Virginia and the President of the United States in the position they have assumed, in connection with this unfortunate affair, and we earnestly counsel the utmost vigilance in guarding against the recurrence of a similar conspiracy, in our own borders, or elsewhere at the South.

POSITION OF MR. BATES.

The St. Louis *Daily News* contains a long exposition of the views of Mr. Bates upon the subject of Slavery. The following extracts from the article embrace all the points upon which his opinions are given, and we only omit the arguments and illustrations by which they are sustained. The *News* says:

"Mr. Bates does not believe that 'African Slavery is the corner-stone of Liberty.'

"He does not believe that African Slavery is a beneficial institution, either in a social, political, or religious sense. Not in a social sense, because it sets at naught the family relation, and separates man and wife, parents and children, at the caprice or on the necessities of owners. Not in a political sense, because it is productive of discords between nations that tolerate it, and nations that do not; and because it is liable to panics, commotions, insurrections, and massacres, and has ended often in bloody revolutions. Not in a religious sense, because it shuts the mind against knowledge, makes the word of God a sealed book to the slave, and gives his body to the service of a human master; whereas the body of every created being should be freely given to the service of God.

"Because Mr. Bates does not believe that Slavery is a beneficial institution, either in a social, political, or religious sense, he is *unalterably opposed to its extension into Territories already free.* Mr. Bates, in his political creed, is a Henry Clay Whig; and Mr. Clay declared that his 'right arm should drop from his shoulder before he would vote to extend Slavery over one foot of territory already free.' Mr. Bates heartily endorses that sentiment, and holds to that creed.

"Mr. Bates does not believe that the Constitution, by its proper vigor, carries Slavery into all the territories that may be acquired by the United States. He believes that Freedom is the rule, and Slavery the exception. He does not believe that Slavery can exist in any territory acquired by the Government of the United States, except by the *positive law of Congress.* That positive law Mr. Bates would not be in favor of passing, because, for reasons already given, he is opposed to the extension of Slavery into territory already free.

"If it be held that this exclusion of slave property from territory 'acquired by the common blood and treasure of the Union' establishes an invidious distinction between two sections of the Union—that it denies to the South rights that are freely given to the North—Mr. Bates denies emphatically that it has any such effect. The distinction complained of is coeval with the Government. It is no new thing—no modern hardship—in fact, no hardship at all. The *localizing* of Slavery—the prohibition of its emigrating and establishing itself in free territory—was embodied in the compact of the Union at the beginning. But for this limitation, the slave States got far more than an equivalent in being allowed in the National Congress and in Presidential elections *three votes for every five slaves.* Slaves do not vote, but their masters vote for them. The votes of *two* men in the South count as much as the votes of *five* men in the free States.

"Why should this be so? If slaves are *only property*, as the Southern man will say, why should not the Northern man's *property* vote also? It is all *only property*. When the slaveholder is disposed to complain, therefore, that a distinction is made against him, that he cannot go into the common territory of the country and take his *property*, the citizen of the free State can reply—'It is not property like my property that you wish to take, but it is property that *votes*, it is property that gives you *two and a half votes to my one*—it is property that *makes me inferior to you* in our relations to the Federal Government; and that is not fair, when we come to occupy what has been bought 'by the common blood and treasure of the Union.'

"If Mr. Bates does not believe Slavery to be a wise and a useful institution—if he is opposed to its extention into Territories already free—he nevertheless just as firmly adheres to the rights of property in slaves in all the States where Slavery exists, and will go just as far to protect the rights of States in that species of property, as long as those States choose to keep it, as any man living.

"Mr. Bates believes in the unqualified right of the owner to recover his slaves, if they escape to a free State; and, if President, he would execute the fugitive slave law, if the army and navy of the Government were equal to the task. And if the fugitive slave law should be repealed, or should be found inadequate to the service of returning absconding slaves to their masters, Mr. Bates would urgently recommend to Congress to pass some law that would more certainly and more acceptably carry out the constitutional guaranties of the rights of Southern slaveholders.

"He would consider the Union a broken compact, if these plain guaranties were denied by the deliberate and persevering action of any part of the Confederacy.

"If Congress, clearly representing the will of the country, should pass laws legalizing and protecting slave property in Territories, previously free, Mr. Bates would execute those laws as promptly as any other laws of the land. If a Territory should organize into a State, with a sufficient population to justify its admission, and present a Constitution tolerating Slavery, Mr. Bates would not oppose the admission of such State, because it had a Pro-Slavery Constitution.

"His creed is, that every State has a right to say how much it wants of African Slavery, and how long it wants it, and how to get rid of it when its people are tired of it. He does not regard it as a perpetual institution, but as, in its very nature, abnormal and evanescent, changing rapidly under the influence of climate, commerce, civilization, religion, laws. He knows (and is glad to know it) that Missouri is rapidly becoming a free State; and he does not deplore the fact that it is by transportation, and not by emancipation, that the State is so rapidly becoming free; for he knows that the emancipation of the slaves, to remain in this country and mix with the whites, is abhorrent and intolerable.

"And to send them abroad, by sudden and total exodus, is beyond the means of any Government. What is beyond his own wisdom, he leaves to the inscrutable ways and infinite wisdom of God. The rapid and peaceful extinction of Slavery that is going on in Missouri, without the aid of 'Emancipation Parties,' and without the heat and acrimony of domestic discord, is entirely in accordance with the views and feelings of Mr. Bates. If, while Mr. Bates is glad to see Slavery declining in Missouri, other strong Oppositionists are sorry to witness the same, Mr. Bates finds no cause of discord between himself and that Pro-Slavery neighbor on account of this difference, for he knows that neither the joy of the one, nor the sorrow of the other, will quicken or delay the inevitable consummation that is ahead.

"Mr. Bates regards the fate of Slavery as out of the domain of the demagogues—utterly beyond their reach—and impelled by that power that brings times and seasons in their appointed course, and rolls up the heavens as a scroll, when he has done with the wondrous panorama. By his own example, he has shown that he prefers to live by his own labor, and not on the labor of slaves. But he claims to be, in this particular, only 'a law unto himself.' He would never, under any circumstances, countenance a national organization having in view the interference with Slavery in the States.

"The entire function of the Federal Government in regard to Slavery, in his opinion, should be to protect it where it is—not to extend it where it is not—and, so far as policy and ability may allow, to help those States get clear of it that may wish to do so by the procurement of foreign territory suitable for the ready and cheap colonization of free blacks, already become a grievous nuisance to every State of the Union, both free and slave. This is a National nuisance, and should begin to find a National remedy.

"The policy already broached in some States, of selling again into Slavery the free blacks whom humane or grateful masters have emancipated, unless those freed persons leave the State—when, indeed, all the slave States, and many of the free, prohibit their entrance within their limits under heavy penalties—is, in the highest degree, cruel. It is barbarous. And it would disgrace the American Government in the face of Christendom to permit such a policy to prevail, from the lack of its own intervention to procure a suitable home for those sorely hunted and distressed freemen of a well-worked and faithful servile race."

THE NATIONAL ERA,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Vol. XIV. January, 1860.

The *National Era* is a Political, Literary, and Family Newspaper. It is an uncompromising opponent of Slavery and the Slave Power, an advocate of Personal, Civil, and Religious Liberty, and the friend of the Homestead Bill, and all measures calculated to give to Labor its just consideration, recompense, and political weight. Regarding Slavery and the issues involved in it as the Great Political Question of the day, it has supported and will continue to support the Republican Party, so long as it shall be true to Freedom. In principle and policy the *Era* will continue to be, in all respects, what it has always been. The melancholy event which transferred its responsibilities to the present proprietor, will make no change in its character.

The *National Era* presents a weekly summary of General News and Political Intelligence, keeps an accurate record of the proceedings of Congress, and is the repository of a large portion of the most important Speeches delivered in that body. Mr. D. R. Goodloe, for a long time a contributor, and known to you since last January as Assistant Editor, will have charge of the Political Department, assisted by other able writers. The Literary Miscellany, chiefly original, is supplied by some of the best writers of the country.

In the midst of a community hostile or indifferent to its objects, the *National Era* has for thirteen years labored for the establishment of the principles upon which the Republican Party is founded. It is certainly important on the eve of a Presidential Campaign, and when incendiary appeals are again made for its suppression by mob violence, that it should be vigorously sustained, and that the seat of Government should not be surrendered to Pro-Slavery influences. The terms of the *Era* are as liberal as can possibly be afforded by any paper published in this city, relying upon its subscription list alone for support.

TERMS.

Single copy, one year	$2
Three copies, one year	5
Ten copies, one year	15
Single copy, six months	1
Five copies, six months	5
Ten copies, six months	8

☞ Payments always in advance.

Voluntary agents are entitled to retain fifty cents commission on each yearly, and twenty-five cents on each semi-yearly, subscriber, *except in the case of Clubs.*

A Club of five subscribers, at $8, will entitle the person making up a copy for six months; a Club of ten, at $15, to a copy for one year.

To voluntary agents will also be sent, if they desire it, a copy of the bound volume of *Facts for the People.*

When a Club of subscribers has been forwarded, additions may be made to it on the same terms. It is not necessary that the subscribers to a Club should receive their papers at the same post office.

☞ A Club may be made of either new or old subscribers.

☞ Money may be forwarded by mail, at my risk. Large amounts can be remitted in drafts on Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore; smaller amounts in gold, or in the notes of solvent banks.

Address M. L. Bailey, *Proprietor National Era, Washington, D. C.*

WASHINGTON ITEMS.

A Colored Man Suspected.—The *Star* says, Saturday morning, Alfred Lee, a well-known colored man, for many years a dealer in meal, grain, and horse-feed, in this city, was arrested by officer Yeatman, on suspicion of being concerned with Dr. Boyd, now in custody at Westminster, in running off a slave of Mrs. S. E. Howell. The ground of suspicion was the finding of a bag or bags, marked "A. Lee," with the woman, and also a rumor that one of the horses in Boyd's possession belonged to Lee. The Justice required $1,000 security for a further hearing on Monday week. Lee bears so good a reputation in this city, that, though the office was filled with the stoutest of Pro-Slavery men, not one believed that he was guilty of any participation in the affair. It is notorious that Lee's feed-bags have been in very general use where coarse material would answer. Lee says he don't know Boyd or the woman; never gave a cent to any slave-stealer's project in his life, and asks a suspension of public opinion until after the final hearing.

A Beggar Conspirator.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* says:

"On Friday evening last, Detective Allen arrested a stout-built man who was wandering along Seventh street. On being interrogated, the stranger said he was from Harper's Ferry. He bore the appearance of having been an intelligent man, with an intellect somewhat impaired. A partial examination of his body discovered numerous marks or scars, which indicated sharp practice in some way. After examination, Justice Thomas C. Donn held the prisoner for another hearing. Officer Allen telegraphed Governor Wise, who quickly responded, directing him to inform President Buchanan, and telegraphed to Harper's Ferry and Charlestown, Va., for persons to come and identify the man arrested.

"This morning, Messrs. Michael Ault, George S. Callis, George Hufmerster, Timothy Harrington, and Linn Curry, of Harper's Ferry, reached here in the cars. They were accompanied by officers Joseph Pearson and Theodore Woodall, of Baltimore, who happened to be at Harper's Ferry when the call was made. Justice Donn, Captain Goddard, Deputy Marshal Phillips, and other officers, met at the prison. They were soon joined by officer Allen, the Baltimore officers, and the visiting gentlemen.

"The prisoner was brought down in the guard-room—a poor, degraded, lazy-looking individual, now considerably improved under the cleansing operation of the prison, and the kindness of some of the guards who had furnished him with articles of clothing.

"His first examiner was Mr. Ault, who at once recognised the prisoner as having passed and paid toll to him last Sunday morning, on the Harper's Ferry bridge. He told Mr. A. that he was going to Columbia. Said Mr. A., 'Did you not tell me that you were going to Columbia?' 'Well,' said the prisoner, '*this is the District of Columbia.*' The visiting gentlemen all recognised him as having been arrested at Harper's Ferry, but there being no evidence against him, he was suffered to depart, on condition of his leaving the place in a few hours.

"It is certain that the loathsome appearance of his entire body is caused by vermin. In reply to a question from Captain Goddard he said, 'When a young man, the Freemasons had broken his wrist.' 'He intended to reside here'—was born in Philadelphia, claimed relationship with respectable citizens of Boston, &c. The entire interview seemed to satisfy the visiters, as well as most others present, that the prisoner is a sort of 'national pauper,' who will find employment soon in our work-house. Of course, he remains in custody, and probably will for some days."

We find in the *States* a thrilling account of the arrest of this fellow. According to that journal, he admitted his complicity in Brown's attack on Harper's Ferry, and had shot-wounds upon his back and neck. We quote as follows:

"He was searched, and, on removing his outward apparel, he proved to be in disguise, and instead of the venerable age of 80 years, not over 34 or 36.

"A further examination disclosed the fact of fresh shot wounds, from his neck all over his breast.

"He was then accused by the officer of being one of the tribe of Ossawatomie Brown—a fugitive from justice. He admitted that he was in the armory at Harper's Ferry at the time of the riot, and made his escape to the mountains, and took refuge, till within a few days he reached the District of Columbia.

"He feigned to be insane, and said he was an educated gentleman, and wealthy—born in Pennsylvania, lived in Boston and Philadelphia. He refused to render any other account of himself, denying any knowledge of or communication with Ossawatomie, or the conspiracy at Harper's Ferry.

"*There was found on his person a large-size pocket-knife, a case of needles, and a spool of black thread.*"

If this last fact, in regard to the arms borne by the prisoner, can be relied upon, it is surprising that the fellow has been permitted to sneak off as an idiot or beggar. The spool of black thread is ominous.

Items Telegraphed from Washington.

Washington, Nov. 10.—Reliable information, just received from Utah, states that Judges Sinclair and Cradlebaugh are on their way to Washington, and Mr. Hartnett, Secretary of the Territory, arrived here yesterday. It appears there continue to be frequent murders and assassinations, but no arrests, as the Mormons systematically obstruct the course of justice. The opinion prevails among all the "Gentiles" that the courts will be useless, unless the Government shall change its policy. General Johnston is so restricted by his instructions that he cannot move to afford necessary protection, and the continuance of the army at Camp Floyd only serves to add to the prosperity of the Mormons by means of the large sums of money spent in the Territories for supplies.

The receipts into the Treasury of the United States during the last week were $819,000, a reduction from the amount on hand the previous week of nearly $125,000. Amount subject to draft, $4,741,000.

J. H. Lewis has been appointed marshal of Wisconsin, vice M. J. Thomas, deceased.

Indian Depredations.—*St. Louis, Nov.* 10.—Lieut. Mowry, of Arizona, a passenger by the California overland mail, reports continued depredations at the mail company's stations by the Indians. A force of two hundred United States troops had gone to chastise the Apaches.

Later from Mexico—Disasters Sustained by the Liberals.—*New Orleans, Nov.* 11.—The steamer Tennessee, from Vera Cruz with dates to the 8th instant, has arrived, bringing $36,000 in specie. The Liberal expedition against Tehuacan, Orizaba, and Cordova, was a disastrous failure. Gen. Mejia, without firing a gun, retreated, losing six hundred men taken prisoners, one thousand muskets, and twelve cannon, which Gen. Minon captured without killing one.

Gen. Marquiza had pronounced for Santa Anna, after seizing a conducta having in charge $2,800,000 in specie, which he undertook to escort to Tepic, and appropriated $600,000 of the amount to himself, and detained the rest at Guanajuato. The British and French Ministers energetically protested against the act. President Miramon, against the wishes of his Cabinet, with only four aids, left the capital, ostensibly to collect troops, and pursue Marquiza as a traitor, but it was feared that Miramon was leagued with Marquiza. The Liberals were greatly encouraged thereby.

Gen. Degollado had defeated Gen. Alfard, and captured his artillery. He entered Guanajuato with 5,000 men.

Gen. Woll was at Legros, and Gen. Degollado was pursuing.

Rio Grande city had been attacked by a portion of Cortina's band, who pillaged nearly every house. It was reported that Cortina's two bands number 700 men. The Brownsville people were in great distress. The mails were all interrupted, and the outlaws threatened to destroy the town, cut off and murder all reinforcements.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

New York, Nov. 10.—The steamship City of Baltimore, from Liverpool, with dates to the 28th October, arrived here to-day.

The loss of the Australian packet, Royal Charter, is confirmed. The ship England, bound from Liverpool to New Orleans, was driven ashore during a late storm at Holyhead harbor. The Great Eastern rode out the gale admirably.

The only portion of the steamer Royal Charter that was standing on Wednesday evening was a small part of her stern, with the wheel and screw and lifting apparatus. She struck at three o'clock Wednesday morning, and broke up at seven. Before striking, her cables parted, when she tried to steam off the coast; but the wind blowing a hurricane, she drifted ashore, and 370 persons were lost. Only 30 were saved. All the women perished.

The steamship Circassian arrived at Galway on the 27th ult.

The American Ambassador has returned from Pekin without the ratified treaty, but the ratification has taken place at Pehoang by a commission.

The journals of Paris are daily becoming more acrimonious towards England. A reactionary plot has been discovered. It had been entered into by the Red Republicans and Mazzinians, with the Grand Ducal and priestly authorities, at Tuscany. The conspirators belong to the upper class, and possess considerable funds.

The Paris *Constitutionnel* says that France will not submit to the action of England with regard to the Suez canal affair.

It is stated that Napoleon will visit the King of the Belgians.

Constantinople, Oct. 19.—Four chiefs in the late conspiracy have been condemned to death; this created a ferment among the populace, and threats of vengeance have vicariously reached the palace of the Sultan. The Montenegrins still commit atrocities towards the Turks.

Turin, Oct. 26.—The Minister of Justice has resigned, in consequence of the Court being removed to Milan.

Brescia, Oct. 25.—The Austrians have evacuated five Cantons in the district of Gargnanoon and Sargo di Marda.

Madrid, Oct. 24.—Marching orders have been given to the troops to join the expedition against Morocco. Gen. O'Donnell starts the end of the week.

ARRIVAL OF THE HUNGARIAN—PROCLAMATION OF GARIBALDI.

Increased Feeling between England and France.

The steamer Hungarian was boarded off Cape Race, November 10th, with Liverpool dates to the 2d inst.

There had been another heavy gale on the coast of England, but no American disaster had been reported.

The ship Charles Holmes, from Liverpool for Mobile, had been totally wrecked, (time and place not mentioned,) and the crew all lost.

The Emperor Napoleon had written a letter to Victor Emanuel, urging him to assist to carry out the Villafranca agreement.

The Hungarian sent into the port of St. John forty-two people, saved from the wreck of a vessel from Labrador, rescued at the risk of the lives of those on board the steamer, for which the captain and crew deserve the greatest praise. She immediately proceeded on her voyage, after performing this noble act of humanity.

Napoleon's letter to the King of Sardinia demands that the Grand Duke be recalled to Modena, and that Parma be united to Piedmont; that Tuscany, augmented in territory, be restored to the Grand Duke, and that the projected confederation of moderate reforms be called out.

France disclaims the idea of aiding Spain against Morocco.

The Zurich Conference had reassembled. Count Karolitye represents Austria. All the treaties would be signed in a few days.

It was asserted that the proposed Congress would take place with the adhesion of England.

Spain was expected to commence offensive operations against Morocco about the 8th of November.

Gen. Garibaldi had arrived at Turin, to have an interview with the King. He was enthusiastically received along the route.

The Duke of Padua had been removed from the French Ministry of the Interior. Count Bumault is his successor.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* thinks we may reckon on a rising in Naples before long.

The *Post's* correspondent says the Austrian Government is affording every facility to the Neapolitan agents at Trieste in recruiting for a foreign legion to replace the Swiss, and for a body guard of his Sicilian Majesty. Corps of all nations are engaged and forwarded on to Gaeta. Garibaldi has addressed a proclamation to the Neapolitans. The following are extracts:

"*To our Brothers of Naples:* Brothers, we have combatted the Austrians, we have fought these insolent oppressors of Italy, and we have beaten them. We have fought as Italians fight when united, and you were not with us. The shout of victory was heard in every dialect except yours, and we know your hearts beat high in the cause of the country, yet Providence has decreed the union and alliance of our family, of this poor Italian family.

"Foreigners and priests labor in vain. In vain they seek to sow discord to corrupt the hapless people whom they have divided often, and so often sold to the strangers in vain. Our brothers of the South have cleared the minds of our brothers of the North. The sons of Procedas, the Massaniellos, and the Pieros, have grasped the victorious hand of the soldiers of Palestro and San Martino."

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* reports the state of affairs between England and France as to the Congress as being more encouraging, and it was believed that, after all, an English plenipotentiary would take his seat with the representatives of the other Powers, for the purpose of settling the Italian question.

The French expeditionary force to Morocco is to be augmented by two brigades, including two regiments of Zouaves.

The *Herald's* correspondent says that the tone of semi-official journals of Paris is daily becoming more acrimonious toward England—the Italian difficulty and the Suez canal affair being the principal subjects for abuse.

The *Daily News* continues to announce fresh contributions to the Garibaldi musket fund.

Richard Cobden proposes spending the ensuing season with his family in Paris.

The hostile article in the *Constitutionnel*, on the Suez canal, begins by the assertion that the prohibition sent by the Sultan to the Pacha of Egypt has been obtained by the interest of Sir H. Bulwer, and remarks it is important to the Powers of Europe, and more especially to France, to know this fact officially. France need not be astonished, for it is only in accordance with her eternally aggressive and selfish policy. England is charged with the design of ruining M. D. Lesops, in order, at a further time, to cut through the Isthmus, and thus complete her line of exclusive fortress from Jersey to the East Indies, and at the same time to put herself in a position to cut off all communications between France and Algeria. This plan, it says, is a grand conception, but too ambitious for the present day, and France will not stand it.

FURTHER FROM EUROPE.

New York, Nov. 13.—The steamer Asia, from Liverpool, with advices to the 29th ult., arrived here this morning. Though not so late as the advices per steamer Hungarian, telegraphed from Cape Race on Thursday last, yet her papers contain many items of interest.

The Asia's mails left for the South this afternoon.

The steamer Vigo leaves Liverpool December 20th, for Philadelphia.

The steamer Great Eastern was expected to leave for Southampton on the 2d. It was reported that she goes to Liverpool in the spring, and that Scott Russell's services have been dispensed with.

The number of persons saved from the wreck of the Royal Charter was only thirty-nine. Four hundred and fifty were drowned. Great damage was done by the storm all round the coast of England. Numerous coasting vessels had been lost, and also many lives. The American ship Rockingham, from Cardiff, lost her anchors, and ran on the mud in Penrath Road.

The barque Marlborough, from Baltimore, was totally lost near Ilfracombe, on the coast of Devon, and the second mate and pilot were drowned.

The ship Tornado, at Liverpool, from New York, was struck by a heavy sea, Oct. 6th, which carried overboard the first and third mates, five seamen, and two boats.

The divers, after the examination of the wreck of the Royal Charter, reported so unsatisfactorily as to the probability of the recovery of the gold on board the ill-fated vessel, that the underwriters have demanded 40 per cent. of the insurance. Fears were entertained that the bullion-room would not be found intact. A few additional bodies have been recovered.

The bullion in the Bank of England has decreased £11,000. The money market was slightly more stringent, but active.

Lord Brougham has been elected Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh.

The widow of Sir Robert Peel is dead.

The French Government has ordered one hundred gun-boats, twenty-five of which are to be completed with the utmost dispatch.

The arrangements for a combined French and English expedition to China are completed, and its departure fixed for the first fortnight of February.

The United States frigate Wabash was at Naples.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* says the recent meeting of the Emperor of Russia and Prince Regent of Prussia was the subject of great anxiety at Paris. It was the general impression that they agreed not to oppose the annexation of Central Italy to Piedmont.

The conservatives of Liverpool gave a grand banquet to Lord Derby and the principal members of the last Administration.

A letter purporting to be from Napoleon to the King of Sardinia, dated October 20th, had been printed, and was generally regarded as genuine. The Emperor observes that the question is not now whether he did well or ill at Villafranca, but rather to obtain from the treaty the results most favorable to the pacification of Italy. It was necessary to conclude a treaty that should secure in the best manner possible the independence of Italy, that should satisfy Piedmont, and yet, which should not wound Catholic sentiment or the rights of the sovereigns in whom Europe felt an interest. The Emperor says he is bound by that treaty, and cannot, in the Congress which is about to open, withdraw himself from his engagements.

The Emperor demands that the Duchess of Parma be called to Modena, and that Parma be united to Piedmont. That Tuscany, augmented perhaps by a portion of territory, be restored to the Grand Duke Ferdinand, and that systems of moderate liberty shall be adopted in all the States of Italy.

The Emperor traces a plan for the Italian Confederation, with the Pope as honorary President, and says, as this will increase his moral influence, it will enable him to make concessions in conformity with the legitimate wishes of the populations.

The *Dresden Journal* of the 1st asserts that England will send a representative to Congress without making any condition. The same journal says that this Congress will probably meet at Paris.

The London *Times*, in an article urging dispatch in the China expedition, says: "If private American letters from China speak the truth, Mr. Ward was, with a studied intent to ridicule him, drawn to Pekin by a mule and a donkey tandem; and if his ratified treaty is found destitute of the only useful stipulation the draft contained, regulations for the trade and tariffs, then we conceive the Americans may by this time have concluded their humility has not answered."

The Turin Ministerial journal says, the Cabinet has not adhered to the diplomatic arrangements by which Italy is disposed of at Zurich; and in case Romagna is attacked, Piedmont will take the field to assist them.

Insurrection has not ceased in Italy, as reinforcements of troops were still going there, and numerous arrests were being made.

The Pope is said to have accepted the principles of reform suggested, but desires to be himself the judge of the time they are to be applied.

Gen. Garibaldi, in his speech at Turin, says: "With a King like Victor Emanuel, and an army like ours, and with a people like you, Italy should not stop until she has freed the last inch of her soil from the heel of the foreigner."

It has been stated that the King of Abyssinia has ceded to France the isle and port of Massenab, in the Red sea.

M. Billant is the successor of the Duke of Padua, who retires from the French Ministry of the Interior on account of ill health.

The Brazilian mail had reached Lisbon. There was no political news of importance. Coffee at Rio had declined two hundred to three hundred reis. The exports since the last mail amounted to 104,000 bags for the United States—prices varying from 5‖700 to 5‖900. The market was flat. Stock 120,000 bags.

Commercial News.—The commercial circulars contain the following information relative to the business of the week ending on the 29th:

Cotton.—Sales of the week 88,000 bales, including 10,500 bales to speculators, and 9,500 bales for export. Fair and middling qualities have advanced ⅛ @ ¼d. for clean sorts, which are getting scarce. Lower qualities have improved most, and all have slightly advanced. Sales of Friday estimated at 10,000 bales, including 2,000 for speculation and export. The market closed firm at extreme rates. New Orleans fair 8*d.*, middling 7⅜*d.*; Mobile fair 7⅞*d.*, middling 7 3-16*d.*; Upland fair 7⅝*d.*, middling 6¾*d.* Stock in port 473,140 bales.

Manchester advices are favorable. There is an improved inquiry at an advance of ⅛*d.* for yarns.

Havre Market.—Cotton—115*f.* for New Orleans tres ordinaire, and 105*f.* for bas. Sales of the week 6,500 bales. Stock in port 18,000 bales. Market closed firm at a partial advance.

Marriott & Co., in their Liverpool cotton circular, say the late severe weather had created an impression that corresponding weather had probably prevailed in the United States, which might act detrimentally upon the growth of cotton there, and the produce of any smaller quantity than four millions of bales will now be contemplated with anxiety.

Further from Mexico.—*New Orleans, Nov.* 12.—Private advices received by the Tennessee fully confirm the defeat of the Liberal expedition against the Church party, whose positions were strongly fortified in the mountains near Puebla.

In the engagement at Guanajuato, between the Liberals and the troops belonging to the Church party, however, the latter were defeated.

General Marquiza, who was formerly in league with the Church party, had abandoned it, and joined the Liberals. The most authentic intelligence from Rio Grande city is to the effect that only a portion of the houses were pillaged by the Mexican rebels, and that the citizens had sent to the Governor for assistance.

DOMESTIC SUMMARY.

From Denver City.—*Leavenworth, Nov.* 11. The express from Denver City, of the 3d inst., has arrived, bringing $35,000 in treasure.

Mr. Williams, a delegate from the Territory of Jefferson, comes passenger by the express. His seat will be contested by Dr. Willing. The election of Mr. Steel as Governor is confirmed. The Legislature was to meet on the 7th.

The weather on the mountains was very fine.

The yield of gold at the mines continued large.

The Utah mail of the 21st ult. has also arrived. News unimportant.

Mr. Parrott's majority as delegate from Kansas is probably 3,000. The Republicans have a majority in the Legislature.

Gerrit Smith's Insanity—Attempt to Commit Suicide.—With regard to the insanity of Gerrit Smith, the Utica Herald says:

"We learn that he is very violent, and has exhibited a disposition to commit suicide, and that an attendant keeps constant watch over him, to prevent him from laying violent hands on himself. This result we hear attributed to the connection of Mr. Smith's name with the Harper's Ferry affair, though many will regard it as the consequence of a long-seated and marked disease. Mr. Smith is said to have an hereditary predisposition to insanity. His father, Peter Smith, though the possessor of an immense estate, and surrounded by every circumstance of prosperity, was subject to fits of profound despondency, during which he was under the impression that he would die a beggar. Unlike his noted son, he was exceedingly sharp in his bargains and money affairs. It is also said that the late Peter Sken Smith, the brother of Gerrit, was for some time an inmate of a lunatic asylum, though when he died he was generally considered as in possession of his reason. Gerrit Smith has lost all his children but one, the wife of Col. Miller, of Peterboro'. A nephew of Mrs. Smith, Col. Fitzhugh, was the captor of the fugitive Cook, a fact which greatly disturbed the mind of Mr. Smith. John Cochrane, a Democratic politician of New York city, another nephew of Gerrit Smith, has also, by his speeches, purged himself of any complicity in the Harper's Ferry affair."

The Rochester *Express* says:

"Ever since the *denouement* of the mad and foolhardy attempt of old Brown at Harper's Ferry, there have been rumors that Gerrit Smith was in a most distressing and pitiable state of mind. It is said that he has been constantly wringing his hands and bemoaning the fate of poor Brown, and accusing himself with having been instrumental in bringing his friends into their present sore troubles.

"While making a brief visit to the neighborhood of Mr. Smith's residence, a few days since, we learned that his friends were apprehensive that his reason would give way under the load of grief and anxiety the events of Harper's Ferry and neighborhood has occasioned, and we were not, therefore, surprised to learn this morning that these fears have been realized, and that the unhappy man is now a raving lunatic. He was taken to the lunatic asylum at Utica yesterday."

The Court grows "Wolfish."—We find the following paragraph in the Alexandria *Gazette:*

"*Notes from Charlestown.*—Copeland, one of Brown's associates, has been found guilty of murder and conspiracy, but not guilty of treason, because he is a colored man, and therefore not a citizen.

"George Sennott, the lawyer sent from Boston to defend the remaining insurgents, has made himself exceedingly unpopular. In defending Shields Green, one of the negroes, he picked all sorts of flaws in the indictment, and was so irreverent generally, that the court and the spectators began to feel wolfish, and it was with difficulty they kept their chivalrous hands off him.

"Mr. Brockett, a Boston artist, arrived at Charlestown on Wednesday, to procure a likeness of Brown, and a measurement of his head, to aid in making a bust, for which he has received a commission, but found it difficult to obtain access to Brown on account of the new excitement raised by Sennott, and it is doubtful whether he will be allowed to take Brown's daguerreotype. The idea of a statue to the man who has plotted treason against Virginia, does not suit the fitness of things."

The Harper's Ferry Insurgents.—The trial of Cook was concluded at Charlestown on Wednesday evening, by a verdict similar to that found against Brown and Coppic. The same motion for arrest of judgment, with a view to carrying the case to the Court of Appeals, was made as in the previous cases. The prisoner Stevens has been handed over to the United States authorities for trial for treason. He will be tried by the United States Circuit Court for Virginia, and the decision there will be final, the law providing for no appeal in criminal cases tried in the Federal courts, even where life is concerned. The court on Thursday sentenced Coppic and Cook, and the negroes Copeland and Green, to be hung on the 16th of December. It is supposed Gov. Wise will reprieve Brown, previously sentenced to be hung on the 2d proximo, and that the execution of all the condemned will take place on the 16th.

Conviction of Capt. Cook.—*Charlestown, Nov.* 10.—The jury brought in a verdict to-day against John E. Cook, of guilty of murder in the first degree and inciting slaves to insurrection. The court immediately sentenced Cook and all the other convicts tried since Brown was convicted to be hung on the 16th of December. It is supposed the Governor will respite Brown to that day, and hang all at the same time. The court adjourned for the term.

The confession of Cook will not be published in the papers, as it will be printed in pamphlet form, and sold for the benefit of Mr. Samuel C. Young, of Charlestown, who was severely wounded in front of the Armory gate whilst assisting in the attack on the insurgents.

John Brown's Nurse.—A correspondent says: "The lady who, with her son, visited John Brown, for the purpose of offering her services as nurse, and was sent back with little ceremony, was Mrs. Marcus Spring, formerly of this city, and now of Eagleswood, New Jersey. She is the daughter of the Quaker Abolitionist, Arnold Buffum, and, considering her pacific principles and gentle character, there is something ludicrous in the suspicious scrutiny with which the Virginians regarded her. Frederica Bremer, in the journal of her travels in the United States, makes frequent and grateful reference to the hospitality of Mrs. Spring and her husband.—*Evening Post.*

Justice to John Brown—The Pottawatomie Massacre.—I read in your issue of this morning, in connection with a merited flagellation of G. W. Brown, of the Lawrence *Herald of Freedom*, a tacit admission that John Brown executed the Pottawatomie massacre of May 26, 1856, in which five of Buford's ruffians came to their death. Brown related the circumstances to me in the fall of 1856, substantially as it was given in the *Press and Tribune*, but said expressly and unequivocally *that he had no hand in the killing of the men who were found dead*, directly or indirectly. I gathered from the conversation which I had with him at that time, that he told some of his acquaintances that the five ruffians had come into the neighborhood in pursuance of an oath to take his (Brown's) life, and that they (the acquaintances) forestalled the death in the manner already known, without Brown's knowledge. I believe that Brown would not tell a lie; I believe so, even without Gov. Wise's emphatic endorsement of his truthfulness. So it appears that Mr. G. W. Brown was as false in his subject matter as he was mean and malicious in his intentions. * * *

[The writer of the above is an old resident and well known citizen of Chicago, whose word would be instantly taken, among those who know him, as against the oath of the *Herald of Freedom* man.—*Eds. Chicago Press and Tribune.*]

Mrs. Mary A. Brown, wife of Captain Brown, now under sentence of death at Charlestown, Va., arrived in Baltimore last Monday week, from Philadelphia, intending to start for Harper's Ferry in the train Tuesday morning. In the afternoon, however, she received a dispatch from the North, requesting her to return immediately to Philadelphia, and she left again for home in the evening train. She is about thirty-five years of age, very tall and masculine, and was evidently in great distress of mind."

A Precedent for the Harper's Ferry Affair.—The capture of the United States Arsenal at Harper's Ferry was not unprecedented even in our recent history. On the 4th of December, 1853, Captain Leonard, of the United States army, had charge of the United States Arsenal at Liberty, Missouri. Judge James V. Thompson, of that State, asked of the Captain permission to see the Arsenal, and while there, a party of Missourians, numbering more than Brown's whole force, surprised the place, took Captain Leonard prisoner, forced open the Arsenal, took cannon, guns, and powder, and then let Leonard go. The arms were used in the attack upon and the burning of Lawrence. We have not yet heard that either State of Federal authority was exerted to apprehend and punish the ruffians.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Mysterious Letters.—During the last quarter, some fifteen or twenty letters were received at the Warrenton Springs post office, in this county, addressed to persons who have never called for them, and whose names are not familiar to any of the citizens of the neighborhood. We are informed by Mr. A. A. Thompson, the postmaster, that he has made diligent inquiry, and examined the register at the Springs, without being able to find any names answering to those on the letters. There is a mystery about this matter which can only be unravelled by the letters themselves. They may contain some additional information in reference to the recent outbreak at Harper's Ferry, which would perhaps be important.—*Warrenton (Va.) Flag.*

Kansas.—The Democratic State Convention of Kansas met at Lawrence on the 25th ultimo, and made the following nominations for State officers:

Governor, Samuel Medary; Lieutenant Governor, John P. Slough; Secretary of State, A. P. Walker; State Auditor, J. K. Goodin; Attorney General, Mr. Thurston; Superintendent of Public Instruction, S. McGill; Chief Justice, Judge Williams; Assistant Justices, Robert B. Mitchell and Samuel A. Stinson.

A resolution was offered, to defer the appointment of delegates to the Charleston Convention, which was carried by thirty-five ayes to twenty-eight noes.

Schiller Festivals.—*New Orleans, Nov.* 10.—The Germans of this city celebrated the centennial anniversary of Schiller's birthday, making a fine display.

Pittsburg, Nov. 10.—The Schiller centennial anniversary was celebrated here to-day with great pomp by our German citizens. A civic and military procession, consisting of the various German societies, Turners, and several volunteer companies, paraded this morning, bearing appropriate banners and other devices, with many bands of music. This afternoon, a mass meeting was held at the Masonic Hall, where several orations and speeches were delivered, and a concert was given in the evening, at which several of Schiller's songs and a grand tableau of the Song of the Bell were the principal features of the occasion.

Louisville, Nov. 11.—The Germans in this city celebrated the Schiller festival yesterday by a banquet at the Masonic Hall, and in the evening by a concert and ball.

Detroit, Nov. 11.—The German Schiller festival was celebrated by a banquet at the Russel House last night, Dr. Keifer being the orator of the occasion. The festivities were commenced on Wednesday evening by a concert.

Chicago, Nov. 11.—The Schiller festival was celebrated at the Metropolitan Hall last night. An oration was delivered by Mr. Brentrand, and a poem delivered by Mr. Freluchrath.

Damage to Professor Lowe's Mammoth Balloon.—*New York, Nov.* 11.—Professor Lowe's mammoth balloon was to-day driven by a gust of wind against a tent, tearing it so that the 68,000 feet of gas it contained escaped immediately. The damage will be repaired immediately.

Census of Iowa.—A census of the State of Iowa has just been completed, according to which the population of the State is 633,549—of which 332,806 are males, and 300,743 females. There are 136,457 legal voters in the State. There are 3,100,436 acres of improved land, and 7,335,657 unimproved.

Judicial Dignity and Independence in Maryland.—Judge Stump, of Baltimore, thus delivered himself in regard to the newspapers in his court room, on Monday last:

"The papers, he said, are constantly filled with anonymous slanders and vituperations against me, but I've got used to it. I don't care a chew of tobacco for these penny-a-line writers, who are no lawyers, and yet write glibly upon law, and upon other subjects which they do not understand. If I sentence a man for six years for some offence, the newspapers come out and say I should have given ten years, and then some Reformers go down to Annapolis, and importune the Governor to let the fellow off before he has been in jail four months. Well, I don't care; I have been put here, and I'm going to stay here until my time is out."

At Brownsville, on the 3d, affairs continued exciting and deplorable. The citizens were compelled to be on the watch day and night, for fear of an hourly attack, and were thoroughly exhausted in consequence. All the mails were stopped by order of Cortinas, and trade was at a stand-still. Not only was Brownsville in imminent danger of a general onslaught, but the whole country was threatened. Point Isabel had also received warning of danger. Provisions were being sent from Matamoras to Brownsville. The Mexican authorities and troops of the former place were also rendering promptly all the aid in their power. The three millions of specie expected soon at Brownsville was destined for New Orleans.

Convention of Railroad Agents—The Winter Rates.—The leading railroad freight agents held an adjourned meeting at Cincinnati on the 10th inst. Letters were also read from H. H. Houston, of the Pennsylvania Central, and H. D. Mears, of the Baltimore and Ohio, adopting the schedule lately made at Dayton, the latter road relying upon the adjourned Convention taking positive action with reference to the water, rail, and water route of the Baltimore and Ohio to New York and Boston, which the road insisted upon being protected in. A letter was read from the New York Central, stating that that road was already charging higher rates than those adopted at Dayton, and declining to accept any less than their present rates.

The first subject brought before the Convention was the differences proper to be made between all rail, rail and water, and water, rail and water, but the Convention was unable to arrive at a satisfactory basis. Mr. Houston offered the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the subject of difference in rates by all rail, rail and water, and water, rail and water, be postponed until December 15; and that a meeting be called at that time, in the city of Baltimore, of representatives of the Eastern and Western railroads, to permanently arrange just and equitable differences in such rates on eastward-bound freights."

The resolution was, after some discussion, finally adopted.

A schedule of rates was then arranged for the winter, in which the all rail rates from Cincinnati to Baltimore are 120 for 1st, 90 for 2d, 70 for 3d, and 48 for 4th; and for flour, 90 cents. Per rail and water, 110, 82, 65, 43, respectively, with 80 for flour. The Philadelphia rates are about 9 to 10 per cent. higher. The through rate to New York is 140 all rail and 130 rail and water, on first class, with flour at 115 @ 105. From Indianapolis, all rail to Baltimore, 115 for first class, 85 for 2d, 70 for 3d, 53 for 4th, and 95 for flour. From Louisville to do., all rail, 140 for 1st, 105 for 2d, 80 for 3d, 50 for 4th, and 103 for flour; rail and water, 130, 97, 80, 54, and 93 for flour.

Mr. Smith, superintendent of the Marietta road, admitted that that company had receipted for water and rail rates, but had no fixed policy, and was not disposed to create any trouble, or involve the Baltimore and Ohio railroad in any difficulty with other roads.

The schedule referred to above was then adopted.

During the deliberations of the Convention, Mr. H. D. Mears, general freight agent of the Baltimore and Ohio, arrived, but it was understood that he declined to take part in the deliberations. The New York Central road finally telegraphed, through Dean Richmond, its vice president, that that company would not carry out any rates beyond Erie, without consultation with the owners of the road.

Reported Capture of Brownsville.—*New Orleans, Nov.* 12.—The *Delta* of to-day contains a letter, dated Corpus Christi, Sept. 7th, which says it is almost certain that Brownsville has fallen into the hands of Cortinas, and that the Mexican flag was flying four miles above the town. All direct communication had been cut off.

The entire Mexican population on both sides of the Rio Grande was in arms, with the avowed intention of carrying on a war of extermination against the Americans, and reconquering the country to the Colorado river.

This news is confirmed by affidavits of citizens of Cameron county, who escaped for their lives. Another affidavit says the frontier of the Rio Grande is in a state of war. Cortinas is sustained by the Mexican population.

Earnest appeals are made by the American population for aid. Eighty men were advancing to the relief of Brownsville from Corpus Christi, but they will encounter seven hundred men under Cortinas.

Col. Robert E. Lee, of the 2d cavalry, succeeds Gen. Twiggs in the command of the military department of Texas.

The Southern Mail Bid—Senator Douglas.—*Washington, Nov.* 13.—The Postmaster General has decided to postpone all action on the bids for carrying the mail from Portland to New Orleans until Congress shall indicate its course with regard to the appropriations for the Department. The representatives of the various railroads interested who had offered proposals, now here, were not a little disappointed at the announcement.

Judge Douglas is better, and his early recovery to health is now anticipated.

An Insurgent in Canada.—*Boston, Nov.* 12.—Francis Jackson Merriam, of Boston, who was reported to have been with Brown in the Harper's Ferry insurrection and subsequently to have died of his wounds in Philadelphia, is alive, and at present in Canada.

The Supreme Court here to-day decided adversely on the writ of habeas corpus for the liberation of Mr. Burnham, the ex-liquor agent, and he was recommitted to jail.

A Southern View of Messrs. Seward and Douglas.—*Charleston, Nov.* 12.—The *Mercury's* special New Orleans dispatch says Ex-Governor Brown, of Mississippi, had delivered an address before the Legislature of that State at Jackson, in which he expressed more respect for the opinions of Mr. Seward than those of Mr. Douglas.

Premium Africans.—*Columbia, S. C., Nov.* 12.—At the State fair held here yesterday, two native Africans were exhibited, who took the premium, a silver goblet.

The Election in Louisiana.—*Baton Rouge, La., Nov.* 11.—Very full returns of the election on Tuesday have now been received, and not only has the Democratic State ticket been successful, but the friends of the Hon. John Slidell have also secured the Legislature by a large majority over their American opponents.

Departure of Regulars for Brownsville.—*New Orleans, Nov.* 11.—The steamer Arizona, which left this port this morning for Brazos Santiago, via Indianola, had on board a company of fifty regulars, whose destination is Brownsville.

The Drummond Light Eclipsed.—A Dr. George H. Smith, of Rochester, has just perfected a new light, which the *Democrat* states is ahead of the celebrated Drummond light, and perfectly marvellous in its brilliancy and power. It is produced by the combustion, through a peculiarly arranged burner, of carburetted hydrogen gas, combined with a certain proportion of oxygen gas. The amalgamated gases are ignited and thrown in tiny jets upon a radiator in the burner, which is rendered by their combustion intensely incandescent, so as to produce an enormous quantity of light.

The light has been placed upon one of the locomotives of the Central railroad, with which an experimental trip was made for the purpose of exhibiting it to a party invited to the excursion. The *Democrat* says:

"The track was perfectly visible from the machine, for a distance of from twelve to fifteen hundred feet, so that the slightest obstruction could readily have been discerned by the engineer. On a long stretch of straight road the locomotive was brought to a stop, and the party alighted to go ahead, in order to ascertain the effect upon an observer. Looking at the light from a distance of fifteen hundred feet, the eye is unable to endure its brilliancy more than an instant; and from a distance of one thousand feet, it cannot be steadily observed at all. It was found that a man with optics of ordinary power could, solely by the light reflected from the lamp, readily read a newspaper printed in type like that with which this article set, *a full quarter of a mile from the locomotive!* This seems incredible, but it is literally true. The distance was carefully measured off by a professional engineer, who was in the party."

Letter from Brown.—Capt. Brown, under sentence of death at Charlestown, Virginia, has written a letter to Mrs. L. Maria Child, thanking her for her tender of services to go there and attend his wants, and saying it is unnecessary, as he is in charge of a most humane gentleman, who, with his family, have rendered him every possible attention he desired, or that could be of the least advantage; and that he has so far recovered from his wounds as no longer to require nursing. He suggests, however, that Mrs. Child might judiciously extend her sympathy and pecuniary aid to his family, of whom he says:

"I have at home a wife and three young daughters, the youngest but little over five years old, the oldest nearly sixteen. I have also two daughters-in-law, whose husbands have both fallen near me. There is also another widow, Mrs. Thompson, whose husband fell here. Whether she is a mother or not, I cannot say. All these, my wife included, live at North Elba, Essex county, New York. I have a middle-aged son, who has been in some degree a cripple from his childhood, who would have as much as he could well do to earn a living. He was a most dreadful sufferer in Kansas, and lost all he had laid up. He has not enough to clothe himself for the winter comfortably. I have no living son, or son-in-law, who did not suffer terribly in Kansas."

The Arrest of a Kidnapper in Carroll County.—We have already mentioned that a white man was arrested in Carroll county, Md., last week, and that he had with him a wagon and provisions, and was accompanied by a colored man and woman, supposed to be en route for a free State. They are now in jail at Westminster. Mr. George E. Wampler, of Westminster, writes to Mayor Berret, of Washington city, to the following effect:

"The woman is supposed to be a slave of Clark Mills, of Washington, and the man, who is her husband, is owned in Prince George's county, but was hired in Washington. The white man is said to have resided in Washington for the last two years. It is probable he will be sent to Virginia to answer the charge of attempting to run off Col. Lee's slaves.

"The negro woman says she was brought from the college in your city. The negro man has not revealed where he came from, but the white man says he came from Washington, and the whole conveyance is well prepared to aid negroes. The white man is fully identified as the man who was with Col. Lee's blacks last spring, and who was taken from here in July last by one of your city officers. He says that he owns but one-fifth of the horses and wagon, and to keep the horses at livery until our April term, they will be of heavy expense. Your inquiry touching this matter might lead to the arrest of others."

A False Alarm in Somerset County, Maryland.—On the night of the 4th inst. a slave man belonging to Washington Waller, Esq., was shot dead by a patrol of white men in Dames Quarter district, Somerset county, Md. The *Union* says the circumstances are substantially as follow:

"On Thursday night, a needless alarm of insurrection and murder was given at a meeting-house in the neighborhood. The congregation, we learn, were at prayers at the time the alarm was given; the prayers were forgotten, and the utmost confusion and excitement prevailed; the benches were broken up for clubs, and with these, and such weapons as the men could obtain at the time, they scoured the neighborhood; but finding nothing upon which to vent their indignation, they dispersed, still under great excitement. The following night a patrol was organized, and with guns, clubs, and other weapons, they proceeded, under great excitement, to search the huts of the free negroes in the neighborhood. At one of these huts the unfortunate negro was found. He was attempting to escape when fired upon by the excited crowd, who mistook him for an insurgent. The shot pierced his back, taking effect in his lungs and bowels, and producing instant death. This has all, we have no doubt, grown out of the excitement produced by the Harper's Ferry affair."

Arrival of the Overland Mail.—*St. Louis, Nov.* 14.—The Overland California mail of the 24th has arrived.

The ship Mastiff, from San Francisco, had been burned at sea. Her specie and passengers were conveyed to Honolulu.

The King of the Sandwich Islands, in a fit of jealousy, had dangerously wounded his private secretary, causing great excitement. The King contemplated abdication, but reconsidered the matter.

Almost the entire business portion of the town of Coultersville was burned on the 20th.

The Sacramento *Standard* states that Gov. Weller has decided to appoint a Senator to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Broderick.

Business was dull at San Francisco on the 21st.

Movement for the Relief of Brownsville.—*Augusta, Nov.* 13.—The New Orleans papers of Friday have been received. The *True Delta* says that Gen. Walker has arrived, and proposes taking command of a party to relieve Brownsville. It is reported that active movements are in progress in portions of Texas in aid of Brownsville.

New Orleans, Nov. 12.—The *Picayune* says that General Palfrey's brigade is willing to go to Brownsville, if funds are provided by the public. The authorities are doing nothing, and the *Picayune* urges the city to furnish the money.

Particulars of the Visit of the American Minister to Pekin, and the Exchange of the Ratified Treaty.—A letter from Shaughae, under date of August 22d, gives the subjoined account of the visit of Mr. Ward, the American Minister to Pekin:

"On the 16th July, the United States steamship Powhatan was anchored off Peitang, when an Imperial edict arrived, that the American Minister and his suite of twenty should be escorted with all honor to Pekin. On the 20th, Mr. Ward and suite landed, were received by an escort, and conducted to Pekin with every show of respect. They first travelled 45 miles across the country in covered carts, striking the Peibo 10 miles above the Tien Tsing; thence proceeded in junks within eleven miles of Pekin, whence they again took carts to the capital. The trip occupied eight and a half days. The Legation remained at Pekin fifteen days, during which they were confined to their quarters, not, however, as prisoners, for they were at liberty at any moment to walk out, but the commissioner refused them the use of horses and guides, leaving it optional with Mr. Ward to remain or not, as he pleased.

"They would doubtless, however, have closed the gates entirely, had not Mr. Ward taken a firm stand at the first interview, that as soon as his movements were at all restricted, he would close all intercourse and demand his return, under escort. It seems that the Emperor was very anxious to see Mr. Ward, but that he also insisted upon his performing 'Kolow,' that is, prostrating himself nine times, with his head on the ground, which was positively refused. The result was, that on the 14th day it was finally concluded to receive the President's letter at Pekin, and send Mr. Ward back to Peitang to exchange the treaty, and the next day they returned. At Peitang, on the 16th, the treaties were exchanged, and an English prisoner named John Powell, was given up, having proclaimed himself an American.

"The United States steamers Mississippi and Powhatan were at Shanghae, the Toeywan at the Gulf of Pecheli, and the Germantown at Japan."

DEATH.

At Indianola, Texas, on the 27th of October, of yellow fever, James L. Gray, Esq., formerly of Washington city.

MARKETS.

Carefully prepared to Monday, Nov. 14, 1859.

BALTIMORE MARKET.

Flour and Meal.—The flour market was again quiet this morning, and the only sales reported were 100 bbls. Howard Street extra, at $5.87½; and 100 bbls. Ohio superfine, at $5.25 per bbl. We quote Howard Street and Ohio superfine at 5.25 @ $5.37½, and City Mills do. at 5 @ $5.12½ per bbl. The demand for extra continues very moderate at 5.62½ @ $5.75 for Ohio, 5.75 @ $6 for Howard Street, and 5.87½ @ $6.12½ for City Mills. Corn meal is dull at $4.25 for City Mills, and 4.37½ @ $4.50 for Brandywine. Rye flour 4.37½ @ $4.50 per bbl. for first quality; demand fair.

Grain.—The offerings of wheat on 'Change this morning were quite heavy, amounting to 60,000 bushels, and prices were well sustained, common to medium white selling at 1.15 @ $1.25, fair to good do. 1.30 @ $1.40, and prime to choice 1.45 @ $1.50 per bushel; red sold at 1.22 @ $1.28 per bushel for fair to prime. Of corn, 20,000 bushels offered, and old white sold at 83 @ 85 cts., and new do. at 68 @ 75 cts., old yellow 87 @ 90 cts. measure and weight, and new do. at 70 @ 78 cts. per bushel. Of oats, 6,000 bushels offered, and Maryland and Virginia sold at 38 @ 42 cts., and Pennsylvania at 41 @ 43 cts. per bushel. Of rye, 422 bushels offered, and Maryland and Virginia sold at 75 @ 77 cts., and Pennsylvania at 85 cts. per bushel.

Live Hogs.—We notice an active demand from packers, the weather being very favorable, with sales of 500 head good quality at $6.25, and 200 do. prime do. at $6.50 per cwt.; these lots comprising all that were offered.

Provisions.—The market continues quiet, for want of stock. Pork.—We hear of no sales, but continue to quote at $15 for Western mess, $11.25 for do. rump, and $11 for do. prime. Bulk Meat.—There is no stock as yet; we quote at 6¾ @ 8¾ cts. per lb. for shoulders and sides. Bacon.—We notice a sale of 15 hhds. new sides at 10 cts.; also, some 50 hhds. shoulders and sides at 8½ @ 10¼ cts. per lb., and some 600 pcs. hams at 11 @ 12½ cts. per lb. Lard.—We quote Western at 10¾ cts., butchers' 10½ @ 10¾ cts., and refined 13 @ 13¼ cts. per lb.

NEW YORK MARKET.

Flour firm; sales of 17,500 bbls. Ohio at 5.40 @ $5.65. Wheat is heavy; sales of 8,500 bushels. Western white at $1.50, and red $1.36. Corn is firm; sales of 8,500 bushels yellow at $1.03. Pork is quiet and unchanged. Lard is steady at 10½ @ 11 cts.

CINCINNATI MARKET.

Nov. 12.—Flour.—Business of all kinds was checked to-day by the severe rain storm which prevailed in this vicinity. Flour without change. Bacon firm, and more sought for. Mess pork is also in better request; sales at $18 50 per bbl. Hogs are unchanged; there were but few transactions in the market to-day.

CHICAGO MARKET.

Nov. 12.—Flour firm. Wheat quiet and unchanged. Corn dull, and declined 3 cts.; sales at 46 cts. Oats are quiet. Receipts to-day 5,500 bbls. flour, 35,000 bushels wheat, 41,000 bushels corn, 3,400 bushels oats. Shipments—240 bbls. flour, 40,000 bushels wheat, 56,000 bushels corn, and 3,300 bushels oats.

J. BIGELOW
PROCURES PATENTS,
And transacts all other Patent Office business.

MR. BROADWAY PINNED TO THE WALL.

Reader, don't stop till you get to the end, or you'll lose the fun.

The following Circular has been scattered about our hotels and other public places:

"INSTANTANEOUS VIEWS.

"From certain advertisements and circulars which have been recently issued, it appears that a New York house, whose efforts at Stereoscopic Photography have but very lately commenced, lay claim to the earliest publications of Instantaneous Views.

"Doubtless they have inadvertently fallen into this error.

"At the same time, justice to the London Stereoscopic Company demands that the mistake be peremptorily corrected. More than twelve months since, the London Company's eminent artist, Mr. Williams, succeeded in taking Instantaneous Views for the Stereoscope, of New York city, harbor, river, &c. Justly therefore is it claimed for the London Stereoscopic Company, and universally is it admitted by all impartial testimony, that their productions, instantaneous and otherwise, were the first, and the finest, that have ever been offered to the public.

"To confirm this statement, nothing is requisite but an actual inspection of the views in question.

"504 BROADWAY, N. Y."

Now, who this Mr. Broadway is, who has taken up the cudgel so valiantly, we do not know, but it is evident by the affix of N. Y. to his name that he means to let it be understood he is "No Yankee."

In reply to his card, however, we would offer friend Broadway two little pills to swallow, which will no doubt "peremptorily correct" the difficulty he finds in digesting our Instantaneous Views.

The first pill is compounded by *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, a right royal medicine, which goes direct to the spot. Read:

Boston, *August* 31, 1859.

My Dear Sir: I have received and examined the beautiful specimens of your art, you have had the kindness to send me. They are very fine, and realize the possibility of which I spoke in a marvellous way.

These crowds caught in the very attitudes which lasted but for the space of a heart's beat are really wonderful. They show us how impossible it is to reproduce nature except by making nature reproduce herself.

Since I wrote my article, I have obtained a few specimens by a London Company, but no instantaneous views that I have seen appear to me at all equal to some of yours.

Thanking you very sincerely for this generous token of your regard, I am very truly yours,

O. W. HOLMES.

Mr. E. Anthony, 308 Broadway, N. Y.

There now, dear Broadway, take its medicine like a good boy. It had sent some of its best specimens to the "Autocrat," but he did not find them "at all equal to some of ours." A nice pill—do you good—feel better in the morning.

What was that you said? The Autocrat's is only an American opinion? American pills perhaps don't agree with your constitution, and we will give you a nice English medicine. Open mouth wide now, and swallow a little from the Journal of the Birmingham Photographic Society:

"We have received a letter from Mr. Anthony, of New York, containing three Stereoscopic Views of Broadway, taken instantaneously. The noble street is represented thronged with carriages and foot passengers. All is life and motion. The trotting omnibus horses are caught with two feet off the ground, boys are running—men walking, riding, driving carrying weights—ladies sweeping the dirty pavement with their long dresses, or trailing up their crinoline and displaying their pretty ankles as they trip over the crossings, exactly as they do in Europe. We learn more from this Stereoscopic glimpse of Broadway than from a whole library of books of travels. In particular, the picture taken in the rain has a charming atmospheric effect; the eye is carried along a mile of noble houses and shops, each more hazy than its neighbor, until you lose everything in an infinity of misty distance.

"In reply to Mr. Anthony's query about us European photographers, we can only say we know of no pictures, save two or three of Wilson's best, which could be put in comparison with those which he has sent; and we old-world stick-in-the-mud fellows must take care, or the Yankees will go ahead of us."

And now, dear Broadway, we are sure all that naughty conceit will be carried out of you, and as soon as you feel well enough to walk out, call in at 308, and we will show you what an Instantaneous Stereoscopic View is, for we don't think you have ever seen one.

Your friend,
E. ANTHONY.

That the public may judge, each man for himself, of the merits of the respective Instantaneous Views, we have samples of both side by side at our store.

They will find that our Instantaneous Views taken in the rain are better than "so called" of the London Company taken in the bright sunshine.

We do not speak without the evidence to show. Call in and see.

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN STEREOSCOPIC EMPORIUM.

An extensive and varied assortment of American and Foreign Views and Groups always on hand at the lowest prices, and of the best quality.

New invoices received per every arrival from Europe. Having agents in England and France, we are certain to receive the latest views published in either country, and our stock will be found both extensive and well selected.

A liberal discount to the trade.

Parties at a distance sending us $3, $5, $10, $15, $20, or $25, can have a good instrument and such pictures as they may request sent by Express.

All orders will be executed with care, and our friends may depend upon receiving a good and satisfactory selection.

Merchants from every section of the country are respectfully invited to make an examination of our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

A circular will be forwarded to any address, on application.

Photographic Materials for Amateurs and the Trade.

Our long experience in the business and our extended connection make our rooms the Central Emporium for Photographic Materials and Stereoscopy.

This is the only large house in the United States whose attention is exclusively devoted to these branches.

E. ANTHONY,
672 308 Broadway, New York.

PORTRAIT OF DR. BAILEY,
EDITOR OF "THE NATIONAL ERA."

A SPLENDID LITHOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT OF DR. BAILEY, drawn by D'Avignon, from an original photograph by McClees, is just published by C. H. BRAINARD, No. 7 Tremont Row, Boston.

Price One Dollar; on receipt of which sum, it will be sent, *free of postage*, to any part of the United States. Size of the print 19 by 24 inches.

Uniform with the above, and furnished on the same terms, portraits of Charles Sumner, Salmon P. Chase, Theodore Parker, Ralph Waldo Emerson, John Sherman, and John P. Hale.

JUST PUBLISHED,
A splendid portrait of
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,
By D'Avignon, from an original daguerreotype.

"It looks the poet, the maker, and the seer, as he appears in his best and truest aspect."—*Atlas and Bee.*

Address
CHARLES H. BRAINARD,
655 7 Tremont Row, Boston.

WASHINGTON FEMALE INSTITUTE.

TWELVE PROFESSORS AND TEACHERS constitute the board of instruction. MRS. SMITH, Principal, will be at the Institute, (221 G street, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets,) each day, from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M. 683

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
FOR NOVEMBER, NOW READY.

Contents.—E. Felice Foresti; Larvæ; The Minister's Wooing; Lion Llewellyn; Tom Paine's First Appearance in America; Trial Trip of the "Flying Cloud;" Dog-Talk; The Reckoning; A trip to Cuba; The First and the Last; The Professor at the Breakfast Table; Art; Reviews and Literary Notices; Recent American Publications.

TERMS.—Three dollars per annum, or twenty-five cents a number. Upon the receipt of the subscription price, the publishers will mail the work to any part of the United States, prepaid.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

In assuming the control of the "Atlantic Monthly," Messrs. Ticknor & Fields would say to its readers, that the Magazine will be conducted upon the same general plan as heretofore. It will be their aim that, under its new management, the Magazine shall not fall short of its present high standard of excellence; and they would bespeak a continuance of the liberal patronage which has hitherto been accorded to it, and which is the best proof of the public appreciation of its merits.

All communications upon the business of the Magazine should, in future, be addressed to

TICKNOR & FIELDS.
Boston, October 18, 1859. 670

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S SERMONS
Published weekly in
THE INDEPENDENT.

IN addition to the interesting matter contained in every successive number of *The Independent*, the publisher is happy to announce that the Sunday Morning Sermons of Rev Henry Ward Beecher will appear exclusively in its columns every week. They are the only reports given to the press which receive revision from the Author's own hand. Among other special contributors are the following well-known writers:

Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, Rev. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, and JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Terms—Two Dollars a year, payable in advance. For sale by all news agents. Address

JOSEPH H. RICHARDS,
665 Publisher, 5 Beekman st., N. Y.

AZA ARNOLD,
SOLICITOR OF PATENTS,

Furnishes Drawings, Specifications, Caveats, procures Patents, and attends to all business usually done with the Patent Office. Having constant access to the models, drawings, and records, of the Office, procures copies of documents, and other information, when required. By long experience in the business and prompt attention, he is confident of giving general satisfaction.

Office, 441 Sixth street, Washington, D. C.

REFERENCES:
Hon. C. Mason, late Commissioner of Patents.
Hon. Thomas J. Rusk, U. S. Senate.
Hon. H. B. Anthony, U. S. Senate.
Hon. C. T. James, U. S. Senate.
Hon John Sherman, M. C.
651

J. BAUMGARTEN,
499 *Seventh st., opposite Odd Fellows Hall.*
WASHINGTON, D. C.,

ENGRAVER AND DESIGNER IN GENERAL Inventor and Manufacturer of the New Improved Seal Presses, Watch-case Engraver, Wood Engraver, Music Puncher, Stencil Cutter, Copper-plate Engraver, and Lithographer, is prepared to execute Engravings on any metal—on gold, silver, brass, copper, steel, &c., in a manner as workmanlike as by any other Establishment in the United States. The subscriber feels confident that all orders intrusted to him will give perfect satisfaction, or no charges made.

eSal Presses, Official Hand and Block Seals, Watch-case Engraver, Wood Engraver, Music Puncher, Stencil Cutter, Copperplate Engraver, Lithographer, &c. 618

THE WESTCHESTER ACADEMY,

At Westchester, Pennsylvania, will resume the duties of the Winter Term (full five months) on the 1st of November next. System of instruction thorough and practical. Course of studies varied and extensive. Number of students from seventy to ninety per session, under the charge of nine teachers, including the Principal. For catalogues, apply to

W. F. WYERS, A. M.,
665 Westchester, Penn.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, No. 26 St. Paul street, Baltimore, Maryland. All business intrusted to his care will be promptly attended to. 627

WASHINGTON, D. C.

KANSAS.

SECRETARY F. P. STANTON DECLARES FOR THE REPUBLICANS.

Lecompton, K. T., *Oct.* 28, 1859.

The nucleus of a Republican party in this city lately invited the Hon. Frederick P. Stanton to deliver an address before them upon the "Issues now before the People," and, in accordance with their desire, Mr. Stanton addressed the Club on Wednesday, 26th inst. A goodly number of the Democracy were also in attendance, and all of them unite in denouncing the address. Mr. Stanton commenced by an allusion to the letter of invitation referred to, and went on to say that he had no party relations or other embarrassing connections which would prevent him from speaking his opinions frankly, and dealing impartially with men and principles. In form and in fact, Kansas was still a dependent Territory; but she was now about to present her hand to claim admission into the Union as a sovereign State. She had not reached this stage of her history without great difficulty, and after repeated unsuccessful attempts in the same direction. Undoubtedly, the Wyandotte Constitution was the most respectable in its origin and attending circumstances of all the Constitutions which had been presented to Congress, as embodying the will of the people of Kansas. It had been sanctioned by a majority of over 5,000, upon the largest vote ever polled within the Territory. If Kansas was entitled to enter the Union at all, which none could doubt, every element of right, essential to success, was embodied in her present application. The Democratic organization in the Territory had denounced the Constitution upon various grounds, and, even after the overwhelming vote for its ratification, still were unremitting in their denunciation, and indicated a strong disposition to oppose our admission into the Union. The leading objection, urged with untiring pertinacity and violence, was the utterly false and groundless charge that, under it, negroes are clothed with the right of suffrage. Mr. Stanton here compared the Kansas-Nebraska act with the Wyandotte Constitution, in this particular, and showed that the qualifications of voters under the respective instruments were almost identical in terms, and entirely so in legal effect and operation. There was one difference, however. The organic act—that vaunted Democratic measure—conferred on the Territorial Legislature unlimited discretion over the subject, while on the other hand the Constitution gave no such power to the State Legislature. The right of suffrage was confined to white male citizens of the United States, or those who had declared their intention to become such under the naturalization laws. The qualifications could not be changed without an amendment of the Constitution, and it was a gross misrepresentation on the part of the Democrats to claim otherwise. He had been reported to have said, in one of his speeches, that, under this Constitution, negro children would be placed upon an equality with whites in the public schools. This was an entire misapprehension. The instrument was made for the whites alone. He did say, however, that in a free State it was not the interest of the community to keep any portion of the people in ignorance. There was nothing in the Constitution to invite or encourage the immigration of free negroes; and as to the few who should be in the State, he would certainly be in favor of providing for their education. Upon these and similar baseless pretexts, it is apparent that the Democrats of the Territory hope to prevent the admission of the State into the Union. He quoted from the *Lecompton National Democrat* (Administration organ) several articles in which the Constitution was denounced as "a disgrace to Kansas," and one which no Senator or Representative could vote for without violoting his oath of office.

This was doubtless the drift of their policy to defeat the application for admission. But admission was of overshadowing importance, and he was compelled by a sense of duty to resist the elevation of those who are enemies of the Constitution and of the State Government. It was almost an act of brazen impudence for them to ask to be invested with power under the State organization, and he could scarcely believe them serious in their efforts to obtain it. The Republicans of the Territory had fairly won the right to control the State Government, and he would assist them by his vote to accomplish that result. Their courage and fortitude during the lengthened struggle, their devotion to the cause of popular rights in the Territories, so shamelessly abandoned and betrayed by the Administration and the false Democrats who sustained it, have fully entitled them to this triumph. The speaker said he had once fondly trusted that the Democrats of the Territory would emerge from the depths of political disgrace in which they had been plunged, but he could see no change for the better. All the indications of Lecomptonism were still plainly visible in their acts; and, for all practical purposes, they were the true and legitimate successors of those who, in the early stages of our history, acquired so unenviable a reputation. The ticket adopted yesterday at Lawrence was conclusive proof of this. Gov. Medary was at its head — a thorough-going, out-and-out Lecomptonite, doubtlessly appointed to the position he now holds for the very reason that he has unceasingly supported Mr. Buchanan's Administration in its monstrous violation of right and principle in Kansas. He had no word of reproach to utter against Governor Medary as a gentleman, but he could not support him as a politician. He could not forget that, eighteen months since, when he was invited to address the people at Columbus, Ohio, where Governor Medary had recently been appointed postmaster in place of an Anti-Lecompton Democrat removed, after he (the speaker) had told his plain, unvarnished story of the wrongs done to the people of Kansas, Gov. Medary was so ardent in his devotion to his patron, that he was induced to call a second meeting, and address it, in reply to him, (the speaker,) in vindication of the Lecompton policy. The nomination of this Federal office-holder is a significant fact. It removed all doubt as to the position of the Democracy in Kansas. The people might as well be called upon to support James Buchanan himself; for that would involve no greater degree of self-condemnation and abasement. For himself, he could not and would not support that ticket; on the contrary, he would oppose it with all his power; and in order to give the greatest possible force to his opposition, he would vote the Republican ticket from the highest name to the lowest. In order to be logically consistent to the principle adopted, he should also vote for Mr. Parrott. He defended this gentleman from the charges made against him, and, while he had nothing to say against Judge Johnston as an individual, he thought the people of the Territory would do themselves and their cause great wrong by confiding any portion of their political power to any one of the Democratic candidates. Mr. Stanton then referred to the general principles involved in the party divisions of the day. He said that the terms of the Ossawatomie platform relating to the rights of the people in the Territories was much nearer to his views than those of the Tecumseh (Democratic) platform. He thought the Republican doctrine there announced was the true doctrine. Some of his Lecompton friends had called him a "Black Republican;" others an "Abolitionist." If his positions made him such, he was content to wear the name, odious as it might be in the view of these gentlemen.

As to the question of extending Slavery, he did not believe that the Constitution of the United States carried Slavery anywhere. That instrument was silent on that subject. It authorized Congress to prohibit the importation of slaves, and he believed that to be the most effectual remedy for preventing Slavery extension. He had always been opposed to the slave trade, upon political, economical, and moral grounds. Congress, at the earliest moment, exercised the power conferred by the Constitution, and the prohibition had been acquiesced in by the whole country, until within a very recent period. Southern extremists had the ascendency in the Democratic party, and ruled the Administration as with a rod of iron. They sought to reopen the slave trade, or, at least, to leave the subject to the control of State legislation. If they did not insist upon this as a part of the Democratic platform, it was only because the party was not yet ripe for such a movement. These Southern extremists were the real authors of all the michief lately done or attempted by the Administration. The unholy alliance with them, which was of comparatively recent date, had corrupted, and had well nigh overthrown, the Democratic organization. That unholy alliance should be broken up. For his part, he was ready to co-operate with any honest party in order to accomplish that object, and to save the country from the fatal errors and corruptions lately developed by the conduct of the present Administration; and, while he believed the Republican party to be the one best calculated to compass its destruction, he believed that that party (the Republican) presented principles both salutary and beneficent, as evinced in the Ossawatomie proceedings, and which recommended themselves to the fullest confidence of any candid and not self-stultified person. He would cheerfully unite with the Republicans, in company with such men as Crittenden of Kentucky, Bell of Tennessee, Bates of Missouri, if by such means the false Democracy can be driven from the high places which they have so much dishonored.

The whole course of Mr. Stanton's address was marked with moderation, absence of personalities, and was received at intervals with unmistakable applause. Its effects must certainly make themselves felt in the pending canvass, and dismay was "visible to the naked eye" upon the faces of the unterrified during the course of the address.

This is but the initiatory of a series of addresses which Mr. Stanton proposes soon to deliver throughout the Territory in support of the nominees of the Republican party; and should his influence be as widely felt as it was during the uncertain moments of the Wyandotte Constitution, Marcus J. Parrott will be returned to Congress by a majority of more thousands than the Democracy can ever hope to overcome. This event certainly marks an epoch in the history of Republicanism in Kansas, and all Republicans should unite here in bidding Mr. Stanton God speed in the glorious task he seeks to achieve.—*Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

From the New York Times.

CONDITION OF SPAIN—THE MOORISH QUESTION.

The intelligence that Spain has actually taken up arms once more against the Moors, might be received in ordinary times, by the rest of the world, with comparative indifference, or, at the best, with a glow of purely historical and reflected interest. The picturesque annals of the long wars which ended with the triumph of the Cross over the Crescent at Granada, on the very eve of the discovery of America, might seem to stir again with sudden life at the news that Castile and Leon are marching once more against the heirs of the great Moghrebbin empire. And the curious in historical contrasts and coincidences might speculate upon the singular chance which revives under Isabella II, and carries boldly into Africa the deadly strife which culminated in victory under Isabella I on the soil of Europe. But for all the intrinsic importance of the conflict itself to the commerce or the politics of mankind at large, a Spanish expedition against the pirates of the opposite Barbary coast would have made itself no more felt and talked of beyond the Spanish borders ten years ago than a trial of strength between Portugal and Mozambique, or the Netherlands and the Sultan of Borneo.

It is not so now. The leading journals of Great Britain and the Continent comment upon the preliminaries of the approaching collision almost as earnestly as they could deal with the symptoms of a coming rupture between Russia and Austria or Germany and France. The question of Morocco has suddenly assumed the proportions of an European difficulty, evokes expressions of anxiety from the official journals of States apparently quite foreign to the quarrel, and makes itself felt on the money markets of Paris and London. In all this there is a meaning hidden, which is certainly not to be sought for in the Moorish question as it stands between the Christian kingdom and the Mohommedan empire immediately concerned, to which the United States as a great commercial nation cannot possibly remain indifferent; and which it is very important that we should neither underrate nor exaggerate. All Europe is not agitated with a vague indefinable apprehension of imminent mischief merely because Spain, after a few years of prosperous repose from the exhausting passions of civil war, finds herself strong enough to draw once more the sword of the Cid.

Spain has undoubtedly made most astonishing progress in wealth and enterprise during the last five or six years time. Since the year 1855, for instance, nearly 3,000 miles of railway lines have been put under construction in Spain; and more than one thousand miles are already open to traffic, and paying an average of nearly six per cent. interest on the capital invested. These works have been carried on by private enterprise; and the State, meanwhile, is drawing, not from the ordinary revenues, but from the demortization of the ecclesiastical properties, a sum equal to nearly $30,000,000 annually for eight years, which is devoted to the development of the post-roads, the naval and military resources, and the charities of the State. The income of the Government from taxes and customs has also been steadily increasing, the customs revenue alone gaining, between 1848 and 1857, an advance of more than 72 per cent. Facts like these indicate a very decided regeneration in the substance and heart of the Spanish nation, and may well entitle the movements of its policy to a degree of respect and attention from other Powers which the Spain of Ferdinand VII could hardly have exacted. But they hardly presage an immediate renewal of the policy to which Phillip II gave his life.

"No one, probably, not even the apocalyptic Dr. Cumming, who has been on the lookout for the "Great Tribulation" these ten years past, and has snuffed the battle of Armageddon in every political imbroglio since the last Revolution of Paris, can have begun to anticipate a new Spanish Armada as the result of the amazing vigor of the O'Donnell Ministry. It is true, our British cousins were seriously exercised in their minds, last summer, because Spain had ordered ten light-draft gun-boats to be built in London; but this was a passing peril, and has long since been explained away. Spain and Spanish designs, put what construction upon them we may, are not at the bottom of the actual anxiety with which the expedition now arming against Morocco is watched by the Cabinet and the journalists of England.

Nor can it be safely assumed that the Moorish question has merely served as a natural vent for the gathering uneasiness and distrust which have been engendered in Europe by the delays and uncertainties attendent upon the settlement of Italian affairs. So long as the Italian Peninsula remains in what we may term its present condition of suspended organization, so long, of course, it will be impossible for any thoughtful statesman or observer to regard peace as permanently restored on the Continent; and so long every new movement of the Powers implicated in the Italian dispute must be the signal for new doubts, alarms, and inquiries. But the issue now raised between the Spaniard and the Moor appears upon the face of things to be so thoroughly independent of all the matters debated at Villafranca, and left undecided at Zurich, that we must look into itself alone for an explanation of the emotion which it is awakening, and the attention it has received. In the extravagant language used upon this subject by the Tory press of England, this explanation is not very difficult to be found. The organs of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli are naturally on the alert to discover any rising cloud on the political horizon which may promise to blacken the prospects and disconcert the plans of the Palmerstonian Government, and the London *Herald* has accordingly seized upon the Moorish question as involving a grave issue yet to be raised between England as the holder of military stations in the Mediterranean, and Spain as the possible conqueror of Tangier and the African shore of the Straits of Gibraltar.

Should this issue arise, the *Herald* warns England, and not unwisely, that Spain will hardly be left to assert alone her claims to dispute what the *Herald* coolly calls the rightful "maritime supremacy" of England in the waters which bathe the Spanish coast. The Ministers of Queen Isabella are informed that, if they attempt to occupy Tangier, Mogador, or any other portion of Morocco, they strike a blow at English interests, and may receive in return a "deadly blow at Cuba." This is the true "Moorish question," from the Tory English point of view; and that England, should she attempt to treat the matter from this attitude, would speedily find herself face to face with an antagonist more formidable even than the Spain of Philip II, may be sufficiently gathered from the tone of the French press; and is more than hinted, in the remarkable semi-official article which we this morning publish, in a translation, forwarded to us by our correspondent at Paris. In this article, the French people are prepared, by a succinct sketch of the treatment which Napoleon III has received from England, for the possible refusal of France to recognise the right of England to be heard as a European Power on just such issues as this which the English press has conjured up in Africa. If England declines to assist on European grounds in the reconstruction of Italian independence, it may fairly become a question whether she shall be allowed to plead European grounds for her retention of positions like Gibraltar, Malta, and the Ionian Islands, to which she can advance no shadow of natural right; and still more fairly may it, therefore, become a question whether, in defence of those positions, she can be permitted to dictate to an independent State like Spain how far her arms shall be carried in vindication of her national honor and safety on the barbarian coast of Africa. This is the seed of mischief which sleeps at the core of the Moorish difficulty, and it abundantly justifies the deep concern with which the progress of affairs in that direction is now watched on both sides of the British Channel.

This glorious old Latin hymn by Thomas De Celano, which has so often thrilled the worshippers of the Catholic Church throughout the world, has found many translators. A translation made by Epes Sargent, Esq., has recently fallen under our notice, and we think many readers of the *Press* will be glad to see it in our columns.—*Philadelphia Press.*

DIES IRÆ.

I.

Day of ire, that day impending,
Earth shall melt, in ashes ending—
Seer and Sybil so portending.

II.

Ah! what trembling then, what quailing,
When shall come the Judge unfailing,
Every human life unveiling!

III.

Trump shall scatter peals astounding,
On earth's sepulchres abounding,
Gather all men by its sounding.

IV.

Death and Nature wonder-shaken,
Then shall be at seeing waken,
Mortals unto judgment taken.

V.

Book of record shall be quoted,
Where all human deeds are noted,
Whence the world shall be devoted.

VI.

Therefore, at that Judge's session,
Shall no secret find suppression,
Vengeance sparing no transgression.

VII.

How shall I then, Lord, implore Thee,
Send what advocate before Thee,
When not even the just are worthy?

VIII.

King of majesty transcending,
To th' elect free grace extending,
Me save, Fount of bliss unending!

IX.

Jesus! let Thy love surviving,
Heed in me Thy cause of striving!
Lose me not, that day arriving!

X.

Me, Thy weary guest failed never,
Cross-redeemed through thy endeavor!
Shall such pains be lost forever?

XI.

Just Dispenser of punition,
Give my suppliant soul remission
Ere that day of inquisition!

XII.

Like a malefactor sighing,
Blush of shame my visage dyeing,
Spare me, Lord! my heart is crying.

XIII.

Who gav'st Mary absolution,
And the thief, from sin's pollution—
Me brought'st hope of restitution!

XIV.

Worthless are the prayers I make Thee,
But, Lord, do not Thou forsake me,
Lest eternal fire o'ertake me!

XV.

Give me, 'mid the sheep, salvation;
From the goats make separation,
Fixing on Thy right my station.

XVI.

When the accursed shall find their earnings,
And be doomed to endless burnings,
Answer thou my heavenward yearnings.

XVII.

From the dust this imploration—
From a contrite heart's prostration—
Be, in death, my consolation!

XVIII.

When, that day of tears impending,
From his ashes man ascending,
At thy bar shall be attendant,
Spare him, God! Spare the defendant.

COMMERCE OF NEW YORK.

The total imports at New York from foreign ports for the month of October are only a fraction larger than for the corresponding month of last year. We annex our usual comparative summary:

Foreign Imports at New York for September.

	1857.	1858.	1859.
Entered for consumption	$2 791 905	$9,234,470	$9,315 609
Entered for warehousing	7,306,424	2 157,678	2,194 258
Free goods	1,782 345	2,061 463	1,447,433
Specie and bullion	2,509,193	89,368	630.646
Total entered at the port	14,439 867	13,542,984	13 617,946

We have also compiled our usual comparative table showing the total foreign imports at this port since January 1st:

Foreign Imports at New York for ten Months from January 1.

	1857.	1858.	1859.
Entered for consumption	$117,314,904	$85,816,904	$153,743,279
Entered for warehousing	64,212,297	22,389,828	30,546,026
Free goods	17,287,050	18,613,563	24,608 111
Specie and bullion	9,189,107	2,110,541	2,464 700
Total entered at the port	208 003,358	128,930,836	211,362,116
Withdrawn from warehouse	33,872,666	33,560,002	23 046,201

The imports since January 1st, according to the above statement, have been larger than for the corresponding ten months of any previous year upon the record. To show the course of this trade, we annex the comparative totals for the last seven years:

Total Foreign Imports at New York.

Ten months of	1853	$167,584,433
Do.	1854	163,423,784
Do.	1855	130,389,531
Do.	1856	187,072,860
Do.	1857	208,009,358
Do.	1858	128,930,836
Do.	1859	211,362,116

The exports from New York to foreign ports for the last month, exclusive of specie, are smaller than for the corresponding month of the previous year, although the change is not strongly marked. The following are the total exports to foreign ports since January 1:

Exports from New York to Foreign Ports for ten Months from January 1.

	1857	1858	1859.
Domestic produce	$53 725,293	$46,767,081	$48,223,718
Foreign merchandise, (free)	3,339,769	1,286,621	2,580,757
Do. (dutiable)	4 910,199	3 345 857	3,930,108
Specie and bullion	33,585 591	23 631,253	63,270,014
Total exports	95,561,157	75,031,715	118,005,227
Total, exclusive of specie	61,975,266	51,400,462	54,734,613

Journal of Commerce.

ABOLITION OF LAWS FOR THE COLLECTION OF DEBTS.

We find the annexed article on the proposed abolition of the law for enforcing the payment of debts, in the financial department of the New York *Independent*. The subject is one that is beginning to attract a good deal of attention. Credit is now too cheap, and in this respect measures of reform should be adopted. For this there is a growing necessity:

"Abolish all laws for the collection of debts, and leave creditors to their own powers of discriminating character when giving credit. This is the point to which our growing civilization tends, and to which practical wisdom and philosophy point. We have long since abolished the inhuman laws which used to imprison debtors, in which abolition we took the lead of old Europe. We have now to lead the way in a more important reform. A great proportion of the bad debts made arises from the rushing of imprudent buyers, extending credits, and in relying on the law for enforcing payment. When without remedy at law, the seller of goods would look exclusively on character—established character—wherever credit was given; and credits would be more proportioned to the known means of the debtor, both as regards amount and time.

"The expenses attending the collecting of debts are very great, and absorb a large proportion of the profit. In cases of failures among the dealers, their debtors are, as is well known, apt to take advantage, and delay, if not altogether refuse, payment of their debts. The law is resorted to by them for evasion. The moral effect of this proposed abolition of law to compel payment of debts, which it does so imperfectly and at so great an expense of money and time, would be great. It would be felt by all traders, that to obtain any credit a reputation for character must first be obtained, and constantly maintained. It would also be felt by the seller, that it would not answer to tempt buyers to buy too much. The seller would be more cautious. Besides, cash transactions would increase, and speculative dealings diminish.

"The evasion of the present laws for the collection of debts is very easy to the dishonest man, aided by professional advice; and numerous instances abound, of men having become rich by running largely in debt, putting their property so acquired out of reach, and setting all laws at defiance. Rich men abound, whose property is all settled on their wives, or held in trust for them by others, which, in the absence of a bankrupt law, cannot be reached.

"Indeed, if no law existed to enforce the payment of debts, men would look into the moral habits of their debtors before trusting, and not afterwards. They would not be so ready to seduce, by illicit means, any set of men to make purchases. Men so facile of character as to be so led are never reliable."

ADDITIONS TO THE DOCUMENTARY HISTORY.

LYDIA MARIA CHILD AND GOV. WISE.

In his Brooklyn speech, Mr. Wendell Phillips alluded to a correspondence which had passed between Mrs. Lydia Maria Child and Governor Wise. The Richmond *Enquirer*, of Saturday, publishes this correspondence, as follows:

Letter from Mrs. Child to Gov. Wise.

Wayland, Mass., *Oct.* 26, 1859.

Gov. Wise: I have heard that you were a man of chivalrous sentiments, and I know you were opposed to the iniquitous attempt to force upon Kansas a Constitution abhorrent to the moral sense of her people. Relying upon these indications of honor and justice in your character, I venture to ask a favor of you. Enclosed is a letter to Capt. John Brown. Will you have the kindness, after reading it yourself, to transmit it to the prisoner?

I, and all my large circle of Abolition acquaintances, were taken by surprise when news came of Capt. Brown's recent attempt; nor do I know of a single person who would have approved of it, had they been apprised of his intentions. But I, and thousands of others, feel a natural impulse of sympathy for the brave and suffering man. Perhaps God, who sees the inmost of our souls, perceives some such sentiment in *your* heart also. He needs mother or sister to dress his wounds and speak soothingly to him. Will you allow me to preform that mission of humanity? If you will, may God bless you for the generous deed!

I have been for years an uncompromising Abolitionist, and I should scorn to deny it, or apologize for it, as much as John Brown himself would do. Believing in peace principles, I deeply regret the step that the old veteran has taken, while I honor his humanity toward those who became his prisoners. But, because it is my habit to be as open as the daylight, I will also say, that if I believed our religion justified men in fighting for freedom, I should consider the enslaved everywhere as best entitled to that right. Such an avowal is a simple, frank expression of my sense of natural justice. But I should despise myself utterly, if any circumstances could tempt me to seek to advance these opinions, in any way, directly or indirectly, after your permission to visit Virginia had been obtained on the plea of sisterly sympathy with a brave and suffering man. I give you my word of honor, which was never broken, that I would use such permission solely and singly for the purpose of nursing your prisoner, and for no other purpose whatsoever.

Yours, respectfully, L. Maria Child.

Letter from Mrs. Child to John Brown.

Wayland, Mass., *Oct.* 26, 1859.

Dear Capt. Brown: Though personally unknown to you, you will recognise in my name an earnest friend of Kansas, when circumstances made that Territory the battle-ground between the antagonistic principles of Slavery and Freedom, which politicians so vainly strive to reconcile in the Government of the United States.

Believing in peace principles, I cannot sympathize with the method you chose to advance the cause of Freedom. But I honor your generous intentions. I admire your courage, moral and physical. I reverence you for the humanity which tempered your zeal. I sympathize with your cruel bereavements, your sufferings, and your wrongs. In brief, I love you and bless you.

Thousands of hearts are throbbing with sympathy as warm as mine. I think of you night and day, bleeding in prison, surrounded by hostile faces, sustained only by trust in God, and your own strong heart. I long to nurse you, to speak to you sisterly words of sympathy and consolation. I have asked permission of Gov. Wise to do so. If the request is not granted, I cherish the hope that these few words may at least reach your hands, and afford you some little solace. May you be strengthened by the conviction that no honest man ever sheds blood for Freedom in vain, however much he may be mistaken in his efforts. May God sustain you, and carry you through whatsoever may be in store for you,

Yours, with heartfelt respect, sympathy, and affection. L. Maria Child.

Gov. Wise's Reply to Mrs. Child.

Richmond, Va., *Oct.* 29, 1859.

Madam: Yours of the 26th was received by me yesterday, and, at my earliest leisure, I respectfully reply to it, that I will forward the letter for John Brown, a prisoner under our laws, arraigned at the bar of the Circuit Court for the county of Jefferson, at Charlestown, Va., for the crimes of murder, robbery, and treason, which you ask me to transmit to him. I will comply with your request, in the only way which seems to me proper, by enclosing it to the Commonwealth's attorney, with the request that he will ask the permission of the court to hand it to the prisoner. Brown, the prisoner, is now in the hands of the Judiciary, not of the Executive, of this Commonwealth.

You ask me, further, to allow you to perform the mission of "mother or sister—to dress his wounds and speak soothingly to him." By this, of course, you mean to be allowed to visit him in his cell, and to minister to him in the offices of humanity. *Why should you not be so allowed, madam? Virginia and Massachusetts are involved in no civil war*, and the Constitution which unites them in one Confederacy guaranties to you the privileges and immunities of a citizen of the United States in the State of Virginia. That Constitution I am sworn to support, and am therefore bound to protect your privileges and immunities as a citizen of Massachusetts coming into Virginia for any lawful and peaceful purpose. Coming, as you propose, to minister to the captive in prison, you will be met, doubtless, by all our people, not only in a chivalrous, but in a Christian spirit. *You have a right to visit Charlestown, Va., madam, and your mission, being merciful and humane, will not only be allowed, but be respected, if not welcomed.*

A few unenlightened and inconsiderate persons, fanatical in their modes of thought and action, to maintain justice and right, might molest you, or be disposed to do so, and this might suggest to you the imprudence of risking any experiment upon the peace of a society very much excited by the crimes with whose chief author you seem to sympathize so much; but still, I repeat, your motives and avowed purpose are lawful and peaceful, and *I will, as far as I am concerned, do my duty in protecting your rights in our limits.* Virginia and her authorities would be weak, indeed—weak in point of folly and weak in point of power—if her State faith and constitutional obligations cannot be redeemed in her own limits to the letter of morality as well as of law, and if her chivalry cannot courteously receive a lady's visit to a prisoner.

Every arm which guards Brown from rescue on the one hand, and from Lynch law on the other, will be ready to guard your person in Virginia. I could not permit an insult even to woman in her walk of charity among us, though it be to one who whetted knives of butchery for our "mothers, sisters," daughters, and babes. We have no sympathy with your sentiments of sympathy with Brown, and are surprised that you were "taken by surprise when news came of Capt. Brown's recent attempt." His attempt was a natural consequence of your sympathy, and the error of that sympathy ought to make you doubt its virtue, from the effect on his conduct. But it is not of this I should speak. When you arrive at Charlestown, if you go there, it will be for the court and its officers, the Commonwealth's attorney, sheriff, and jailer, to say whether you may see and wait on the prisoner. But, whether you are thus permitted or not, (and you will be, if my advice prevail,) you may rest assured that he will be humanely, lawfully, and mercifully dealt by, in prison and on trial.

Respectfully, Henry A. Wise.
To L. Maria Child.

Railroads in Virginia.—The advanced sheets of the report on the railroads of Virginia for 1858 show in operation—including 287 miles of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad located in that State—1,438 miles of main line of railroad. Across the State east and west, from Norfolk, via Richmond, Staunton, and Covington, to the mouth of the Big Sandy, on the Ohio river, the railroad distance is 532 miles, of which distance 297 miles completed are operated by three companies owning connecting roads. We annex the following recapitulation of the tabular statements:

Amount of dividend bonds due to the State	$319,702.00
Payments made by State on ordinary stock	13,478,325.54
Payments on account of preferred stock	1,241,000.00
Payments on account of loans	2,874,833.33
Guarantied by the State	300,000.00
Total amount of State interest	18,213,860.87
Capital stock authorized	31,807,013.79
Capital stock paid in by others than the State	9,130,445.84
Capital stock paid in by the State	14,779,324.74
Total amount paid in	23,909,770.58
Amount of Funded and Floating Debt.	
Funded debt	14,308,784.42
Floating debt	3,346,964.65
Total	17,655,749.03
Construction and equipments	44,111,989.76
Earnings for the year	2,818,248.85
Expenses for the year	1,256,107.82
Net earnings for the year	1,562,141.03

Another Case of Sympathy—Shall we Compromise with This, or Crush it?—We have just received through the mail, post-marked "Great Falls, New Hampshire," a large printed placard which reads as follows:

"*Treason!*—All true Christions who believe in 'Immortality through Jesus Christ alone,' are requested to pray for Capt. John Brown, who now is under sentence of death, and is to be hung next month, for righteousness' sake and doing justly with his fellow-man, his country, and his God. By request of one who loves the truth, and feels for the man that is to die a martyr to it. J.

"*Somersworth, Nov.* 4, 1859."

Now, brother fire-eaters, you who preach to us compromise with the "abominable heresy" of squatter sovereignty, lest we should shock the Anti-Slavery sympathies of the North, what say ye? Equal justice to all, is our motto. If we compromise with squatter sovereignty, we must make a similar compromise with Ossawatomie. For squatter sovereignty is the worse and more dangerous traitor of the two. And worst of all is the forked-tongued traitor, Compromise. Yes, verily, and when John Brown is hung, there shall be two additional scaffolds erected by the courage and fidelity and conservatism of Virginia. Squatter sovereignty shall hang from the one, and Compromise from the other, untill the Charleston Convention shall pronounce the emphatic words, "dead! dead! dead!"—*Richmond Enquirer.*

Southern Views.—While the reckless Democratic journals of the North are striving to make political capital out of the abortive effort of John Brown, at Harper's Ferry, many of the Southern journals take a manly and correct view of the affair. The Baltimore *American* says:

"But it is perfectly idle, to say the least, to turn such an event into political capital. No party would dream of endorsing these or similar atrocities, and it is a poor and unworthy class of tactics that would seek to fasten the responsibility anywhere else than upon the misguided actors themselves. Whatever may be the tendency of their avowed principles, no organization, worthy of the name, has ever counselled violent resistance to the law in slave territory. There are a few demented persons scattered over the Northern States—so few that we might almost enumerate them—Gerrit Smith, Fred. Douglass, Mellen, if he is still alive, and two or three more. But there is no party of respectable dimensions that has a plank in its platform upon which the late mad foray could be justified."

The St. Louis *Evening News* says:

"The Republican party of the country numbers a million and a half voters—a majority of the citizens of all the free States. What is to be gained by denouncing them as aiders and abettors in the proposed crimes of insurrection, arson, and murder? Would it not be unjust, offensive, and highly injurious to the good feeling and concord of the nation?

"There are fanatics in the North who would willingly *exterminate* Slavery by war and rapine. There are fanatics at the South who would willingly *extend* Slavery by war and rapine. Which is the worse crime in the sight of God and man? We see no difference—and hope to see all such fanatics themselves exterminated. The loss of Brown and his party has thinned out the Abolition fanatics at the North. Let us not raise up other fanatics there by indecent abuse of innocent men, and endeavoring to make them responsible for old Brown's crimes."

Old Brown and Pardon.—If anybody ever did entertain so insane an idea as that Governor Wise intended to let old Brown get farther off than the end of a stout piece of hemp, the *Enquirer* of yesterday effectually settles the matter. The *Enquirer* shows that Gov. Wise has no power to pardon him, except with the consent of the Legislature, nor to reprieve him beyond the term of its next session. Should the Governor even do the little in his power towards staying the hand of justice, it would not be without the decided protest of nine-tenths of the people of Virginia.

More patience than has been shown towards the murderous old wretch by the people of Virginia, all history will be searched in vain to find, when the circumstances from first to last are considered. The emissary of a fanaticism whose very existence is treason to the whole country, he is not only a convicted felon, found in the act of murder and outrage of the foulest kind, but the pioneer of a maligunant mass of enemies, who would leap at the impunity of his crime to repeat it on every border. Clemency is no mercy to them. It would teach them nothing, or the lesson they learned would be the safety of closer approach than they have yet ventured.

From the first we regretted, as we yet regret, that the whole gang were not strung up along the railroad, that all confederates and sympathizers who might sneak by where they expected to aid, should see the quick vengeance awaiting such enterprises, and that the spectacle might be spoken of by more than the small throng who will witness the executions.

It is insult, and threat, to ask of our authorities, as some Northern journals are asking, that such wrong as was done at Harper's Ferry be pardoned, and we no more believe that Henry A. Wise purposes throwing a moment's delay into the scale of retributive justice, than we do that the Legislature of Virginia will extend its prerogative of pardon.—*Petersburgh (Va.) Press.*

Rev. Dr. Chapin on the Harper's Ferry Affair.—Rev. E. H. Chapin preached last evening, as usual, at his church in Broadway, before a very large audience. In the course of his remarks, alluding to the John Brown excitement, he said that there were probably many of his congregation who expected he would have alluded even before now to a recent event which has excited so wide-spread a sensation. He, however, thought that enough had been already said, and at the same time he confessed that all the bearings of the case were not quite clear to his mind, and that he did not understand all the merits and demerits of the matter. He, however, was certain of one thing: that a great evil would always show itself, and would constantly create an agitation—an irrepressible conflict, that only its annihilation could quell.

The editor of the Louisville *Journal*, says the New York *Tribune*, has been the occasion of a blunder as amusing as any of his own witticisms. The London *Bookseller*, a monthly organ of the publishing trade, commenting on a list of American announcements, says: "We observe a book announced on an almost forgotten subject, Prenticiana. Mrs. Ellis may be reminded by this that the 'prentices of England have never yet been the subject of a history." This exquisite unconsciousness of the nature of the work (which, we need scarcely say, is a collection of good things from the paragon of Western wits) is inimitable.

CHARLES H. BRAINARD,

PRINT PUBLISHER AND LITHOGRAPHER,

322 Washington Street, Boston.

LITHOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS,

Drawn in the highest style of the art, by eminent artists, and every description of Lithography executed in the best style, and on reasonable terms.

The following portraits are included among those already issued:

Charles Sumner,	$1
Theodore Parker,	1
Salmon P. Chase,	1
Gamaliel Bailey,	1
Ralph Waldo Emerson,	1
William H. Seward,	1
Nathaniel P. Banks,	1
Stephen A. Douglas,	1
John P. Hale,	1
Henry W. Longfellow,	1
John Sherman,	1
Rev. Charles Lowell, D. D.,	2

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS, with extract from a speech, 50 cents

CHARLES SUMNER, with closing paragraph of his last speech in the U. S. Senate, 50 cents.

CHAMPIONS OF FREEDOM.

A large print containing the portraits of Charles Sumner, Juan P. Hale, Horace Greeley, Salmon P. Chase, William H. Seward, John G. Whittier, and Henry Ward Beecher. Price, $1.50.

HERALDS OF FREEDOM.

A companion print to the above, containing the portraits of William Lloyd Garrison, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, Samuel J. May, Joshua R. Giddings, R. W. Emerson, and Gerrit Smith. Price, $1.50.

JUST PUBLISHED, a magnificent Lithographic print entitled

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

This print measures, exclusive of margin, 16 by 22 inches. The design is entirely original, and the execution fully equal to the best specimens of French Lithography. In the foreground is a family group consisting of nine figures. The landscape in the background is elaborately and effectively drawn, and the picture as a whole, while it gratifies a love of art, powerfully appeals to the sentiment of patriotism. It is particularly adapted to Grecian painting. Price, $1.50.

IN PREPARATION, a beautiful print, consisting of the portraits of two female children, drawn from life, by T. M. Johnston, entitled

STARLIGHT AND SUNBEAM.

Price One Dollar.

N. B.—On receipt of the price, copies of the above prints will be sent, free of postage, to any part of the United States.

C. H. Brainard, being in correspondence with the principal publishing houses in Europe and America, is prepared to answer orders for Engravings, Paintings, and all other works of art. Address

CHARLES H. BRAINARD,
667 322 Washington street, Boston.

RIGHT KIND OF ATTRACTION.

TRACT EDITION

OF STOCKTON'S PERIODICAL NEW TESTAMENT,

JUST OUT! ALL COMPLETE!

27 Books, making 1176 pages, for 75 cents.

BESIDES the ILLUSTRATED EDITION, (50 cents a number, or $5 in whole,) Mr. Stockton has just issued a CHEAP TRACT EDITION of the New Testament, for universal separate distribution and use, containing, it is believed, the Best Copy of the Authorized Version in the language, in Paragraph Form; without Head Lines, but with Marginal Renderings. Each of the 27 Books by itself, with its own Titlepage, Text, and Index, complete; making in all, 1026 pages of Text, with 150 pages of Index, or 1176 pages in whole. Printed on $5 paper, from long-primer type, with leaded, open lines—all as plain and readable as can be. Price 75 cents for the 27 Books; or 35 cents for any selection of 500 pages. Sent by mail, Post Free.

Books.	Pages	Prices.	Books.	Pages.	Prices
Matthew,	130	8 cts.	I Timothy,	20	1 cts
Mark,	84	6 "	II Timothy,	20	1 "
Luke,	141	8 "	Titus,	10	½ "
John,	105	7 "	Philemon,	8	½ "
Acts,	137	8 "	Hebrews,	64	4 "
Romans	63	4 "	James,	20	1 "
I Corinthians,	60	4 "	I Peter,	24	2 "
II Corinthians,	44	3 "	II Peter,	18	1 "
Galatians,	22	2 "	I John,	26	2 "
Ephesians,	25	2 "	II John,	6	½ "
Philippians,	18	1 "	III John,	6	½ "
Colossians,	18	1 "	Jude,	8	½ "
I Thessalonians	16	1 "	Revelation	74	5 "
II Thessalonians	9	½ "			

1176 pages for 75 cents.

Now ready, and for sale at

T. H. STOCKTON'S

Bible, Tract, and Periodical Office,

589 1400 Chestnut street, S. W. corner Broad, Philadelphia, Pa.

FARMS NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C., FOR SALE.

A full description and terms of sale of any or all of the following farms, with a general description of the country near Washington, and the advantages it offers to emigrants over the Western States, will be sent to any applicant who encloses one letter stamp to

WINSLOW M. WATSON & CO.,
Columbia Land Office, 68 *Indiana av.*,
Washington, D. C.

No. 2.—286½ acres of land, 17 miles from Washington, adjoining Fairfax Court House, Virginia. Good brick dwelling and modern outbuildings. A good grain and grass farm. Price $28 per acre.

No. 3.—722 acres of land on the Potomac, 22 miles below Washington. On it a comfortable house, a barn, and a steam saw-mill. Wood and timber enough can be sold off to pay what is asked for it. Price $20 per acre.

No. 4.—350 acres of land in Fairfax county, Va., about 27 miles from Washington. Excellent and commodious buildings. As a dairy farm, it cannot be excelled in Eastern Virginia. Price $35 per acre.

No. 5.—200 acres of land adjoining No. 4, and will be sold with it or separate. This tract has a Rich Vein of Copper Ore on it. Price $15,000.

No. 6.—63 acres of land in Fauquier county, Virginia, near Piedmont Station. Very large buildings; now used as an academy. Price $5,000.

No. 7.—750 acres of land on Acokeek creek, 500 acres in wood. Good buildings. Price $16 per acre.

No. 8.—1,020 acres of land, Stafford county, Virginia, two miles from a steamboat landing and near a railroad. The wood and timber on it worth double what is asked for the land. The hay and grass now yields $800 a year. Price $8 per acre.

No. 10.—1,075½ acres of land in Va., about 33 miles from Washington. A superb estate, with fine buildings. Can be divided. Price $30 per acre.

No. 11.—1,000 acres of land in Va., 60 miles from Washington, on navigable water. $6,000 worth of wood and timber can be cut from it. Price $12 per acre.

No. 12.—173 acres at Fairfax Court House, 17 miles from Washington. Good building; 40 to 50 acres in grass. Also, 25 acres, a wood lot, detached. Price $46 per acre.

No. 13.—200 acres of land in Maryland, 9 miles from Washington, on the railroad to Baltimore. The buildings are new, and cost $4,000. Price $9,000.

No. 14.—450 acres of land in Va., 64 miles from Washington. On navigable water, with good landing. Good buildings. Price $12 per acre.

No. 15.—100 acres of land near Fairfax Court House, Virginia, 17 miles from Washington. Good Buildings. Price $21 per acre.

No. 16.—25 acres, a wood lot 1½ miles from Alexandria—a beautiful location for a suburban residence. Price $100 per acre.

No. 17.—255 acres of land, 9 miles north of Washington, with a good water power and plenty of timber. Price $25 per acre.

No. 18.—110 acres of land, 12 miles north of Washington, a large brick house, stabling, &c. Price $30 per acre.

No. 19.—14 acres, 1 mile from Alexandria. Brick house, and pine grounds, $5,000.

No. 20.—525 acres, 40 miles from Washington. Stone buildings. Price $25 per acre.

No. 21.—700 acres, 8 miles from Washington. Good buildings. Price $25 per acre.

No. 22.—406 acres, 70 miles from Washington, on the Potomac. Good buildings. Price $20 per acre.

No. 23.—348½ acres, 30 miles from Washington. Lime-stone soil. Superior buildings. Price $48 per acre.

No. 25.—A flouring mill on the Shenandoah river, 2 miles from railroad. Out of repair. One-half will be sold for $2,500. Cost of whole, $12,000.

No. 26.—500 acres, 36 miles from Washington, on Orange railroad. Good buildings. Price $21 per acre.

No. 27.—800 acres, 4 miles from Alexandria. A fine brick house. One of the best farms in Fairfax county. Price $30 per acre.

No. 28.—250 acres, 17 miles from Washington, opposite Mount Vernon. Good buildings. Price $40 per acre.

No. 29.—85 acres, 6 miles from Washington. Fine buildings—house with ten rooms. Price $6,000.

No. 30.—100 acres, 20 miles from Washington. No buildings. Price $15 per acre.

No. 31.—240¾ acres, 3 miles from Alexandria. Elegant buildings—cost of house, $14,000. Price $40 per acre.

GEORGE P. GOFF,

Book binder, Paper-ruler, and Blank Book Manufacturer
Cor. Indiana avenue and Second street, Washington

W. G. SNETHEN,

COUNSELLOR AND ATTORNEY,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Rooms of the National Republican Association,
Washington City, *August* 1, 1859.

The Republican Association of this city are having prepared and published, under the supervision of the Congressional Republican Executive Committee, a series of valuable Political Tracts, compiled principally from Congressional and other official records, and containing facts which are deemed important to be presented to the attention of the masses, that they may be prepared to vote knowingly on the leading political issues of the day.

The want of such reliable official compilations has long been felt by the party.

We desire to ask the co-operation of the chairmen and members of the different "Republican State Central Committees," to give publicity and circulation to these Tracts. With a view to that object, we particularly desire to be furnished with the names and post office address of the members of each State Committee, and also with a list of the Republican newspapers in each State and Territory, in order that we may send copies of these Tracts as they are issued.

Newspapers are requested to publish these Tracts as they shall appear, and also to give publicity to this notice and the terms upon which the Tracts are furnished.

LEWIS CLEPHANE,
Secretary National Republican Association

NOW IS THE TIME TO CIRCULATE DOCUMENTS.

THE REPUBLICAN ASSOCIATION OF WASHINGTON are having prepared and published a series of Political Tracts, under the supervision of the Congressional Republican Executive Committee, which it is earnestly hoped the friends of the Republican cause will take immediate steps to have put in general circulation.

They are furnished at the cheap rate of 75 cents per hundred copies, free of postage.

The following Tracts have already been published:

Tract No. 1. HOW WE ARE GOVERNED.—Being an expose of the Frauds and Expenditures of the present Administration for party purposes.

Tract No. 2. LANDS FOR THE LANDLESS.—Being a complete analysis of the votes on the *Homestead Bill.*

Tract No. 3. THE ATTITUDE OF NATIONAL PARTIES IN RESPECT TO A PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Tract No. 4. THE SLAVE TRADE.—Showing that the proceedings and debates during the last session of the late Congress indicate a most marked deterioration of moral sentiment at the South in respect to the African slave trade, and are fearfully ominous of the near approach of the time when, at any rate in the Gulf States, that hitherto universally reprobated traffic will be as heartily sustained as is the institution of slavery itself.

Tract No. 5. OVERLAND ROUTES TO THE PACIFIC—THE BUTTERFIELD CONTRACT.

Tract No. 6. OPPOSITION OF THE SOUTH TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF OREGON AND OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY—THE INTERESTS OF THE WEST.

In the German Language.

Tract No. 2. LANDS FOR THE LANDLESS.—Price $1.50 per hundred copies.

All orders should be addressed to

LEWIS CLEPHANE,
Secretary National Republican Association,
Washington, D. C.

TWO WORKS VALUABLE TO THE SICK OR WELL,

Sent by mail, no pay expected until received, read, and approved.

1st. SIX LECTURES on the causes, prevention, and cure of Lung, Throat, and Skin diseases, Rheumatism, and Male and Female complaints. On the mode of Preserving Health to One Hundred years. 300 pages, 21 engravings. Price fifty cents, in silver or post office stamps.

2d. A work on the Cause and Cure of Diseases of the Heart, Stomach, Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys; on Apoplexy, Palsy, and Dyspepsia; why we grow old, and what causes disease. 131 pages, 6 engravings. Price 36 cents. Say which book you wish, giving name, state, county, town, and post office. Address

Dr. S. S. FITCH,
663 714 Broadway, New York.

BOOKS.

SOUTHWEST CORNER OF CHESTNUT AND BROAD STREETS, next to La Pierre House.

Have you seen it?
Have you bought it?
Have you read it?

A good and beautiful gift—
FOR YOUR FAMILY,
FOR YOUR BIBLE CLASS,
FOR YOUR SUNDAY SCHOOL,
FOR ALL YOUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

Comprising Bible, Creed, Prayers, Poetry, Pictures, and Music!

DYING CHARGE OF REV. DUDLEY A. TYNG.

A CHRISTIAN BALLAD.

Price: paper, 40 cents; plain cloth, 50 cents; cloth gilt, 68 cents. Sent post free, on receipt of price.

HEAR THE COMMON VOICE OF THE PRESS.

"Neatly and tastefully got up. Contents attractive in an eminent degree."—*North American and U. S. Gazette.*

"One of the neatest and most attractive little works ever issued."—*The Press.*

"A very pious well-written production, such as may be sung with propriety in any Christian family. The work is gotten up with admirable illustrations."—*Evening Bulletin.*

"It should be in every family in the land."—*Pennsylvanian.*

"It is a beautiful tribute to the lamented Tyng, the author of the charge, 'Stand up for Jesus,' and will be useful in rousing thousands to imitate his bright example."—*New York Observer.*

"May their presentation in this form assist in extending his dying charge, and fixing upon many minds the injunction, 'Stand up for Jesus!'"—*Christian Observer.*

"A graceful little volume, and very prettily got up. Each verse of the poem founded on the dying words of the late Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, is here illustrated with an appropriate engraving, and the poem is set to music. Other short pieces by the same author are added, and the whole forms a pleasant and agreeable volume."—*Presbyterian.*

"A beautiful memorial, pervaded by an excellent and evangelical spirit"—*American Presbyterian.*

"Will no doubt attract the attention of many of the friends and admirers of the late Dudley A. Tyng. We hope the author will be rewarded for his labor to celebrate the virtues of one so justly and generally mourned, and to one whom he appears to have been much attached."—*Banner of the Cross.*

"We cannot but admire this beautiful tribute to the Christian excellence of the departed Tyng, and trust that his 'good example,' and his dying charge, 'Stand up for Jesus,' may be steadfastly and widely followed by all who 'confess the faith of Christ crucified,' and all who are enrolled under the banner of his cross."—*New York Churchman.*

"Neat and attractive verses, illustrated by a series of appropriate engravings."—*Episcopal Recorder.*

"This very beautiful little work is now ready. It is handsomely illustrated, having for its frontispiece a very correct full-length portrait of the late Rev. Dudley A. Tyng. It is sold at the very low price of fifty cents."—*Daily News.*

"A most beautiful little book, a real gem of a thing, a rich memento to the sainted and beloved young Tyng."—*Christian Chronicle.*

"The dying charge of the lamented Dudley A. Tyng is likely to immortalize him. Everywhere, in all the churches, it is echoed and re-echoed. It has inspired much devotional feeling, and the poem so appropriately illustrated in this little volume was one of the first fruits of that feeling. The volume contains some additional poems, of no less merit than the one named, and will be acceptable to readers of every denomination."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Great pains have been taken to prepare in all respects a handsome and useful book. Cash orders supplied as received. Address

T. H. STOCKTON,
616 1,400 Chestnut st., S. W. cor Broad, Phila.

FOR THE CHILDREN!

GRACE GREENWOOD'S LITTLE PILGRIM.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST PERIODICAL FOR CHILDREN EXTANT!

"We say emphatically, that the *Little Pilgrim* is the best periodical for young people now published, at home or abroad, in the English language.—*The Press.*

A new volume will begin with the number for January, 1859, in which will be commenced a story by MARY HOWITT, called

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER!

Also, a beautiful Italian story, called

Little Angelo and His White Mice,

By GRACE GREENWOOD herself. A host of other good things—Stories, Sketches, Poems, Child sayings, &c., by numerous and brilliant authors; also, Rebusses, Puzzles, Charades, &c., will combine to make the new volume unusually attractive. NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!

TERMS.—ONLY FIFTY CENTS a year, *in advance*

☞ Specimen copies, containing club rates a list of Premiums, &c, will be sent free, to all who request them Address, post paid always,

LEANDER K. LIPPINCOTT,
623 132 South Third street, Philadelphia, Penn.

A New and Enlarged Edition.

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

A STATISTICAL VIEW

OF THE CONDITION OF

THE FREE AND SLAVE STATES.

By Henry Chase and Charles W. Sanborn.

Compiled from Official Documents.

12mo. Bound in cloth. Price 75 cents. Postage 12 cents.

IF any one wishes to know what Slavery has done for the South, and Freedom for the North, let them read this masterly work. Let him study these figures. Place a copy of these statistics in the hands of every voter, and our word for it, Republicanism will sweep the entire North in 1860, as clean as it has swept New England in 1856. Men of the South, we beg you to look calmly and dispassionately at this array of figures, and see what they *portend.*

The able editor of the *Evening Transcript*, Boston, thus speaks of this work:

"This little book contains a vast amount of information respecting the comparative condition of the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States, as to territory, population, industry, wealth, education, intelligence, religion, moral advancement, and general progress. The work must have cost a great deal of laborious research, and it certainly presents arguments in favor of Freedom on every page. It contains just the kind of information that should be more generally known in all sections of the country. We hope there will be a public demand for thousands of copies."

L. CLEPHANE,
Secretary Republican Association,
693 Washington, D C.

HOTEL AND RESTAURANT,

Long known as the Casparis House, Washington, D. C.,

FOR RENT OR LEASE.

A rare opportunity for a competent person to embark in a very profitable business,

OR FOR MEMBERS OF CONGRESS TO SECURE A MOST DESIRABLE CLUB-HOUSE.

THIS excellent establishment is most eligibly situated within one hundred yards of the United States Capitol, being the nearest building of the kind to the two Houses of Congress. Members of Congress have taken rooms every year, and have bestowed the highest praise upon its convenience and healthy location. The proprietor, having been engaged for many years in the hotel business, had it built a few years ago under his own supervision, and it is therefore furnished throughout with all the necessary appliances requisite in a first class hotel. It contains forty airy rooms, including the finest bar-room of any hotel in the city, with an excellent wine cellar attached; a Billiard room, for two tables; Bowling-saloon, with two alleys; and a Pistol and Rifle Gallery 120 feet long; a fine Kitchen, with superior Range and a Dining-room which will comfortably seat 175 persons. Bells for all the rooms. Gas throughout the house. Also Water, together with several Bath rooms, for warm, cold, or shower-baths. A Stable, Chicken house, and numerous other out-buildings, with a good garden, are attached to the premises.

None but responsible persons need apply, and to such terms will be made very easy, and possession given immediately. Application should be made without delay, as Members of Congress and others who intend to remain in Washington during the coming long session generally engage apartments early in the Fall. Address

JAMES CASPARIS,
660 Capitol Hill, Washington, D. C.

BOARDING.

MRS. MARY N. WILSON will furnish Boarding and Lodging, at No. 335 Pennsylvania avenue, nearly opposite Browns' Hotel. 627

TO SENATORS, MEMBERS OF CONGRESS, AND STRANGERS.

E. E. WHITE, & CO.,

No. 63 Louisiana avenue, between Sixth and Seventh streets, and opposite the Bank of Washington, beg leave to call the attention of Senators, Members of Congress, and Strangers, who intend keeping house here during the session, to an examination of their stock of choice and selected Family Groceries, Teas, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, which we will warrant to please, and deliver them in any part of the city free of extra charge 665

AYER'S AGUE CURE,

FOR THE SPEEDY CURE OF

Intermittent Fever, or Fever and Ague, Remittent Fever, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache, or Bilious Headache, and Billious Fevers, indeed for the whole class of Diseases originating in Biliary Derangement, caused by the Malaria of Miasmatic Countries.

NO one remedy is louder called for by the necessities of the American people than a sure and safe cure for Fever and Ague. Such we are now enabled to offer, with a perfect certainty that it will eradicate the disease, and with assurance, founded on proof, that no harm can arise from its use in any quantity.

That which protects from or prevents this disorder must be of immense service in the communities where it prevails. *Prevention* is better than cure, for the patient escapes the risk which he must run in violent attacks of this baleful distemper. This "Cure" expels the miasmatic poison of Fever and Ague from the system, and prevents the development of the disease, if taken on the first approach of its premonitory symptoms. It is not only the best remedy ever yet discovered for this class of complaints, but also the cheapest. The large quantity we supply for a dollar brings it within the reach of everybody; and in billious districts, where Fever and Ague prevails, everybody should have it and use it freely, both for cure and protection. It is hoped this price will place it within the reach of all—the poor as well as the rich. A great superiority of this remedy over any other ever discovered for the speedy and certain cure of Intermittents is, that it contains no Quinine or mineral, consequently it produces no quinism or other injurious effects whatever upon the constitution. Those cured by it are left as healthy as if they had never had the disease.

Fever and Ague is not alone the consequence of the miasmatic poison. A great variety of disorders arise from its irritation, among which are Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Headache, Blindness, Toothache, Earache, Catarrh, Asthma, Palpitation, Painful Affection in the Spleen, Hysterics, Pain in the Bowels, Colic, Paralysis, and Derangement of the Stomach, all of which, when originating in this cause, put on the intermittent type, or become periodical. This "Cure" expels the poison from the blood, and consequently cures them all alike. It is an invaluable protection to emigrants and persons travelling or temporarily residing in the malarious districts. If taken occasionally or daily while exposed to the infection, that will be excreted from the system, and cannot accumulate in sufficient quantity to ripen into disease. Hence it is even more valuable for protection than cure, and few will ever suffer from Intermittents, if they avail themselves of the protection this remedy affords.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS,

For all the Purposes of a Family Physic,

are so composed that disease within the range of their action can rarely withstand or evade them. Their penetrating properties search, and cleanse, and invigorate every portion of the human organism, correcting its diseased action, and restoring its healthy vitalities. As a consequence of these properties, the invalid who is bowed down with pain or physical debility is astonished to find his health or energy restored by a remedy at once so simple and inviting.

Not only do they cure the every-day complaints of everybody, but also many formidable and dangerous diseases. The agent below named is pleased to furnish gratis my American Almanac, containing certificates of their cures and directions for their use in the following complaints: *Costiveness, Heartburn, Headache arising from Disordered Stomach, Nausea, Indigestion, Pain in and Morbid Inaction of the Bowels, Flatulency, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice*, and other kindred complaints, arising from a low state of the body or obstruction of its functions. They are an excellent alterative for the renovation of the blood and the restoration of tone and strength to the system debilitated by disease.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all dealers in medicine everywhere. 631

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA,

A COMPOUND remedy, in which we have labored to produce the most effectual alterative that can be made. It is a concentrated extract of Para Sarsaparilla, so combined with other substances of still greater alterative power as to afford an effective antidote for the diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure. It is believed that such a remedy is wanted by those who suffer from Strumous complaints, and that one which will accomplish their cure must prove of immense service to this large class of our afflicted fellow-citizens. How completely this compound will do it has been proven by experiment on many of the worst cases to be found of the following complaints:

Scrofula and Scrofulous Complaints, Eruptions and Eruptive Diseases, Ulcers, Pimples, Blotches, Tumors, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Syphilis and Syphilitic Affections, Mercurial Disease, Dropsy, Neuralgia or Tic Douloureux, Debility, Dyspepsia and Indigestion, Erysipelas, Rose or St. Anthony's Fire, and indeed the whole class of complaints arising from Impurity of the Blood.

This compound will be found a great promoter of health, when taken in the spring, to expel the foul humors which fester in the blood at that season of the year. By the timely expulsion of them, many rankling disorders are nipped in the bud. Multitudes can, by the aid of this remedy, spare themselves from the endurance of foul eruptions and ulcerous sores, through which the system will strive to rid itself of corruptions, if not assisted to do this through the natural channels of the body by an alterative medicine. Cleanse out the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, or sores; cleanse it when you find it is obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it whenever it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Even where no particular disorder is felt, people enjoy better health, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. Keep the blood healthy, and all is well; but with this pabulum of life disordered, there can be no lasting health. Sooner or later, something must go wrong, and the great machinery of life is disordered or overthrown.

Sarsaparilla has, and deserves much, the reputation of accomplishing these ends. But the world has been egregiously deceived by preparations of it, partly because the drug alone has not all the virtue that is claimed for it, but more because many preparations, pretending to be concentrated extracts of it, contain but little of the virtue of Sarsaparilla, or anything else.

During late years the public have been misled by large bottles, pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick, for they not only contain little, if any, Sarsaparilla, but often no curative properties whatever. Hence, bitter and painful disappointment has followed the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market, until the name itself is justly despised, and has become synonymous with imposition and cheat. Still we call this compound Sarsaparilla, and intend to supply such a remedy as shall rescue the name from the load of obloquy which rests upon it. And we think we have ground for believing it has virtues which are irresistible by the ordinary run of the diseases it is intended to cure. In order to secure their complete eradication from the system, the remedy should be judiciously taken according to directions on the bottle.

Prepared by

DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,
Lowell, Massachusetts.

Price $1 per Bottle; Six Bottles for $5.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

has won for itself such a renown for the cure of every variety of Throat and Lung Complaint, that it is entirely unnecessary for us to recount the evidence of its virtues, wherever it has been employed. As it has long been in constant use throughout this section, we need not do more than assure the people its quality is kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all it has ever been found to do.

☞ Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co, Lowell, Massachusetts. Sold by all Druggists and dealers in Medicine everywhere. 632

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

"STAND UP FOR JESUS!"

The brief ballad thus entitled (occasioned by the death of Rev. Dudley A. Tyng,) and which has been so widely circulated by the daily and weekly press, and in other forms, is about to be republished by T. H. Stockton, 1,400 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, in a handsome duodecimo volume of 48 pages, variously and beautifully illustrated. It will contain—

NOTES.—Biblical, Liturgical, and Personal; compiled by the author of the Ballad.

NINE PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

Engraved by Van Ingen & Snyder, (Engravers of Kane's Arctic Explorations,) from drawings by G. G. White; including Portraits of Rev. D. A. Tyng and Rev. Dr S. H. Tyng, with Interior Views of Concert Hall, Jayne's Hall, &c., and

Three Original Pieces of Music,

to which the Ballad has been set, by Messrs. Emerson, of Boston, Bradbury of New York, and Bower of Philadelphia.

A few ADDITIONAL POEMS by the same author, (an Evangelical Minister,) will be included—chiefly lyrical.

The work is electrotyped, and will be issued in the neatest possible style, in hope of a large demand, with results of great usefulness. It is especially adapted to youth, to Young Men's Christian Associations, Bible Classes. Sunday and other Schools, Church and Home uses, presents to friends abroad, &c.—being conveniently sent by mail.

It is now nearly ready, and may be ordered at once. Orders supplied as received. No copies sent on sale

BUELL & BLANCHARD,

Second Street, corner of Indiana Avenue,

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

ARE prepared to execute Book and Pamphlet Printing, Circulars, Stereotyping and Electrotyping, Bookbinding Blank Books, and Paper Ruling, with promptness and in a workmanlike manner